

To Front Vol: I



The Right Honourable
JOHN Earl of ROCHESTER.

Free of the City of London
1682 *RF*

To Front Vol: I



The Right Honourable
JOHN Earl of ROCHESTER.

Free of the City of London
1672 *RF*

*Dec. 18th 1749. bought a J. Graustale
P. 1. 1.*

M. A.

THE
WORKS

Wilmot (J.) Of the EARLS of
Earl of Rochester

ROCHESTER,

ROSCOMON,

AND

DORSET;

The DUKES of

DEVONSHIRE,

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, &c.

WITH

MEMOIRS of their LIVES.

In TWO VOLUMES.

Adorned with CUTS.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXI. Price 5 s.

W O R K S

ROCHESTER
ROSCOMMON

D O P E T



BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

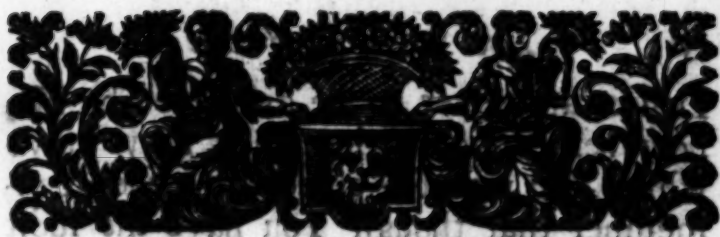
WITH
MEMOIRS of the late

in TWO VOLUMES

A bound with Cuts

L O N D O N

Printed in the Year 1784



SOME
MEMOIRS
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

To the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN;

AMONG the Wonders your GRACE every Day performs, it is not, perhaps, the least, Madam, of making me shake off that habitual Lazineſs I have contracted, which has almoſt begot an Aversion to Writing, eſpecially on ſuch a Subject, and to ſuch a Reader; both ſufficient Checks to a Man who could conſider any Thing but your GRACE's Commands. No, Madam, your

Desires are never to be disobeyed by Me, however difficult the Task may prove which You impose; especially, when I remember that though You have the most piercing Wit, as well as the most piercing Eyes in the World, yet You have too much Justice to be severe on this Essay of my Obedience, not Presumption, because I chose rather to forfeit your good Opinion of my Understanding, than Respect. I am sensible that I take on me a Province far beyond my Capacity to execute; but I can venture at any Thing rather than your GRACE's Displeasure.

PERHAPS your GRACE does not expect that I should carry you back beyond those sprightly Hours of Lord ROCHES-TER's Life, when he fired the Breasts of Ladies with Love, and wounded those of Men with Envy. But, Madam, since you have set me a Task, I must perform it in all its Parts, according to the Methods of those Gentlemen that have presented the World with the Lives of Heroes; who always begin with their Parentage and Birth, and thence lead you by Degrees into a thorough Acquaintance of their Spirit, Temper, and Manners. This must I do, Madam, with our noble Lord, from his Birth to his early Death.

HIS

HIS Father was *Henry Lord Wilmot*, afterwards *Earl of Rochester*; a Gentleman very eminent and renowned in the *English Histories of the Civil Wars*, for his Valour and Fidelity both to the Father and Son. This gained him the chief Confidence of King *CHARLES II.* who entrusted his Person to him after the unfortunate Battle of *Worcester*; which Trust he discharged with so much Conduct, as well as Faith, that the King was conveyed out of *England* into *France* chiefly by his Care, Application, and Vigilance. Such was his Father. And for the Mother of our Hero, she was of the ancient Family of the *Saint-Johns*, of *Wiltshire*, a Lady of equal Parts and Beauty, as I have been informed, and which I am induced to believe Madam, because the more charming the Object of Love is, the more fierce are our Desires, and the greater Energy is there, in our Embraces. I may say of him, with more Justice and Reason, what *Mr. Dryden* said of *David* and *Abfalom*.

*Whether, inspir'd by some Diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust.*

BUT leaving an Enquiry so nice, I return to my Subject, by informing your

GRACE, that the Son, *John Wilmot*, Earl of *Rocheſter*, (Viſcount *Athlone* in *Ireland*, and Baron *Adderbury* in *Oxfordſhire*;) was born at *Ditchley* near *Woodſtock*, in the ſame County, (the Scene of many of his Pleaſures, and of his Death,) in the Year 1648, diſtinguiſhed from other Years by two extraordinary Events, the Martyrdom of King CHARLES I. by a prevailing Party of his Subjects, at his own Palace-Window, and the Birth of my Lord *Rocheſter*, as eminent for Wit and Gallantry, as that unfortunate Prince was for Piety and Religion. I will not here, Madam, enter into a Compariſon of their ſeveral Merits, or of the Preference of what each excelled in; for, notwithſtanding the Opinion ſome have entertained of the Latitude of my religious Principles, I muſt aſſure your GRACE, I think there is no Compariſon between them: All I ſhall ſay, is, the King was fitter for the *World* to which he went from the *Scaffold*; and his *Lordſhip* for that he entered into from his Mother's *Womb*.

My Lord's Father had the ill Fortune to reap none of the Rewards and Advantages of his Sufferings and Loyalty, becauſe he died before the RESTAURATION, leaving his Son, as the principal Part of his Inheritance,

ritance, his Titles of Honour, and the Merit of those extraordinary Services which he had done the Crown. But the prudent Conduct of the Mother, supplied the Dotage left by the Father; for she managed it with such Address, that his Education was still preserved suitable to his Quality.

HERE, Madam, were I to follow those famous Authors, who have given us the Lives of the ancient Heroes and Poets, I should entertain your GRACE with the Scene of all the extraordinary Accidents and pretty Events of his Childhood, not forgetting any of those little pert Sayings or Actions, which might be the Forerunners of that eminent Excellence he discovered when he came to Man's Estate. Nay, if all these important Affairs, by the Negligence of those who should have conveyed them to us, were lost, I should, to raise the Character of our Hero, give so necessary an Indulgence to Invention, as by that to form some wonderful and early Promises of his future Greatness: But not being so fond of my own Fancy, as to write fictitious Wonders of his Childhood; and all those that were real, being not to be found in the authentick Records of Time, I shall not presume to amuse

your GRACE with insipid Fables, which can neither entertain nor instruct; but only let you know, that he was so extremely docile, and made such an easy Progress in Learning, on his first Application to Letters at School, as discovered the Seeds of that great Genius which afterwards appeared more conspicuously in his riper Years: For there, among Boys, first shone those sprightly Parts which afterwards dazzled the Eyes, and drew the Admiration of Men, and the Hearts of the Ladies.

WE may venture to say, that it was at School he laid such a Foundation of the *Latin* Tongue, and obtained so great a Mastery of it, that he never lost a true Taste of any peculiar Beauty of those great Authors in that Language in its most flourishing Age, I mean that of *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and the like; in which he found those transporting Pleasures, Madam, which cannot be conveyed to your GRACE thro' any of the Translations we have; tho' the *French* have made greater Progress in that Art, and have applied themselves more to it than any other Nation whatever, that I know of: Whether it be that the Moderns want Genius to come up to the Energy and Excellence of the Antients; or that great Part of the Charm of the
ancient

ancient Poets be in the Expression, which it is impossible to preserve in any less perfect Language; and in spite of our Vanity, we must allow, that even the *French* cannot come up to the *Latin*, either in Strength, Harmony, or Copiousness. In short, Madam, no Pleasure can be so great to a Man of Sense, except it be your GRACE's Conversation; which receives from, and gives fresh Force to the inevitable Charms of your Person.

IF he began to lay the Foundation of Learning at School, he finished the Building on his Removal to the University of *Oxford*; where, in *Wadham College*, under the Tuition of Dr. *Blandford*, (afterwards successively Bishop of *Oxford* and *Worcester*,) and the more immediate Care of Mr. *Phineas Berry*, Fellow of that College, he gained all the Knowledge, the Gaiety of the Times, and that universal Spirit of Joy and Pleasure which spread over all these fortunate Islands at the *Restoration*, would permit. For my Lord here, in the Arms of the Muses, and even under the Restriction of a Tutor, formed the first Accesses of Pleasure, so tempting and engaging to his Soul; a Soul so adapted to them, that his Application to Study soon grew slack, and was, in a little Time, so

totally lost in the Pursuit of Joys more agreeable to his Inclination, that he never entertained any Thoughts of returning to his Studies; till, in his Travels, the fine Address of his Governor, Dr. *Balfour*, by engaging him with Books suitable to his Inclinations, won him to those Charms which he had by a youthful Levity forsaken: Which being backed by Reason more strong in him now, and a riper Taste of the Pleasures of Learning, which must gain the Heart of a sensible Man; and these his Governour always took care to place in so good a Light, that by Degrees he made him perfectly in Love with Knowledge; in the Pursuit of which he always spent those Hours which he sometimes stole from the *Witty* and the *Fair*.

I do not at all doubt, Madam, but your GRACE is quite tired with this Part of his Lordship's Life, wherein Love and Beauty had so little Share; you must, Madam, think these so many tedious Imperinencies; yet, since you have obliged me to write a Life, you must undergo the Penance of those Modes and Forms which the Task, your own Authority imposed, requires. He has all this While been cultivating those fine Parts, and nourishing that great Genius, which is now to appear

in the *Drawing-Room* among the Ladies, with Force not inferior to their Eyes, in their gayest Dawn, but of larger Extent in Duration and Power. Till now, he has been laying up a Fund for all that Spirit and Wit, which afterwards was the Terror of Knaves, Fools, and little Pretenders of all Sorts, and the Delight of the Witty, Honest, and Meritorious.

HE now, Madam, comes from Travel, at the early Age of Eighteen, when other more backward Gentlemen are scarce fit to set out. But my Lord was not to take Measures from the common Race of Men; he was distinguished sufficiently by Nature from most Persons, who could therefore be no Rule to him. His Quality, Spirit, and Inclination, soon led him to Court, with the Advantage of such Endowments as few brought thither: For his Person was graceful, tho' tall and slender; his Mien and Shape having something extremely agreeable; and for his Mind, it discovered Charms not to be withstood: His Wit was strong, subtle, sublime, and sprightly: He was perfectly well bred, and adorned with a natural Modesty, which wonderfully became him: He was Master both of the ancient and modern Authors, as well as of all those in the modern *French and Italian*,
to

to say nothing of the *English*, which were worthy the Perusal of a Man of fine Sense. From all which he drew a Conversation so engaging, that none could enjoy without Admiration and Delight, and few without Love.

HE had not been long at Court, when inspired with a Desire of shewing his Courage, he chose the Sea for the Scene of Action, and under the Earl of *Sandwich* and Sir *Edward Spragge*, he gave uncommon Proofs of an intrepid Soul; however, he afterwards lost that Character in private Broils. But tho' there may very easily be a Reason assigned for so great a Contrariety of Temper in the same Man, at different Times, on different Occasions, and in different Circumstances, yet the Disquisition is too Philosophical and Jejune to entertain your GRACE with: Let it suffice to say, that we differ not from one another, more than from ourselves, at different Times.

HAVING signalized himself in War, he returns to Court, where Pleasure and Love kept their perpetual Rendezvous, under the auspicious Smiles of a Monarch made by Nature for all the Enjoyments of the most elegant Desires. Since his Travels, he had contracted a Temperance, which, being in it self extraordinary in an Age so dissolute,

was soon, tho' by insensible Degrees, laid aside, and a Loose given to all the Pleasures of the Court and Town, of Love and Wine; for both which he was qualified by Nature, having a strong Constitution, tho' by too frequent, and too continual Excesses, he broke it, and died a young Man. As a Beauty owes her Ruin to her own Charms, so did my Lord; for as Beauty draws a Croud of Adorers, and makes every one press for a Joy that so few can grant; Importunity, Opportunity, Assiduity, and Variety of Objects, win the Fair to surrender a Jewel that cannot be restored. Thus the uncommon Charms of my Lord's Conversation, drew every Man of Taste to engage him with a Bottle; his pleasing Extravagance increasing with his Liquor, the Frolicks which that inspired affording Talk for the Town, as well as the Adventures in them, for some Time after. It was not, indeed, Madam, for every Man to venture a Debauch with him; because, for a Jest, and Diversion, he would often hazard his Life; and that many would think paying too dear for his Conversation.

BUT he often mingled his Amours with his Frolicks, and covered the Extravagance of his Appetite under that of his Fancy. I will

will not detain your GRACE long with any of these Adventures, nor shall I give you many of them, tho' I might a thousand, because I would not swell my Account beyond the Bounds of a Letter.

HIS Talent of Satire was admirable; and in it he spared no Body, not even the King himself, whose Weakness for some of his Mistresses he endeavoured to cure by several Methods, that is, either by seducing them from him, in spite of the Indulgence and Liberality they felt from a Royal Gallant, or by severely lampooning Them, and Him, on various Occasions; which generally the King (who was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, as well as my Lord) took for the natural Sallies of his Genius, and meant as Sports of Fancy, more than the Efforts of Malice. Yet, either by a too-frequent Repetition, or a too-close and poignant Violence, he banished him the Court, for a *Satire* made directly on him.

THE Duke of Buckingham † being, at the same Time, under Disgrace for Things of another Nature, they resolved to go in Search of Adventures; among many of which, this was one: There happens an Inn on *Newmarket Road* to be Let; they disguise themselves fit for the Persons they

* *The Right Honourable George Villiers.*

were to assume, and jointly take this Inn, in which, each in his Turn, officiates as Master. But this being not done, either for absconding from the Anger of their Sovereign, or the sake of selling Ale, they soon set themselves to pursue the more pleasing Aim of their Rambles. They having observed such of the pretty Girls of the Country as they fancied most, (they considered not whether Maids, Wives, or Widows,) to gain Opportunities, they invited the Country round, at least those Neighbours that had these Wives or Daughters, to frequent Feasts; where the Men were plied hard with good Liquor, and the Women sufficiently warmed, to make but as little Resistance as would be agreeable to their Inclinations: Doubly qualifying both Sexes, the Men with Wine and other strong Liquors, and the Women with Love.

YOUR GRACE must not imagine, that this Sort of Life could be of any long Duration, because Feasts so common, and that without any Thing to pay, must give a shrewd Suspicion that the Hosts must soon break, or that they were of Circumstances much superiour to the Posts they were in. This they were sensible of, nor much concerned about it, since they were seldom fond of long continuing the same Sort of Adventures;

Adventures; *Variety* being the Life of their Enjoyments. It was, besides, near the Time of his Majesty's going to *Newmarket*; when they designed that a Discovery of their real Plots should clear them from the Imputation of being concerned in any, more pernicious to his Majesty and his easy Government. These two Conjunctions meeting, they thought themselves obliged to dispatch two important Adventures, which they had not yet been able to compass. There was an old covetous Hunk in the Neighbourhood, who had, notwithstanding his Age, got a very pretty young Wife: In the Poetical Age, she would have been taken for one of the Wood-Nymphs: SALMACIS was not more charming, nor more fit for the Joy. Her Husband was as watchful of her as of his Money, nor ever trusted her out of his Sight, but under the Custody of an old, ill-natured, ugly, hypocritical Sister, who having never experienced the Joys of Love her self, had the true Envy of an old Maid to all that were young and handsome. Our noble Hosts had no manner of doubt of his accepting a Treat, (for he had done many,) loving a Debauch with all his Heart, when it cost him nothing, else the most temperate and abstemious Man alive; but then they could
never

never prevail on him to bring his Wife along with him, notwithstanding they urged the Presence of so many good Wives of the Neighbourhood to keep her Company. All their Study was then, how to charm the *Dragon* that he left behind to guard the delicious *Hesperian* Fruit, which he could neither eat himself, nor would suffer any one else.

SUCH Difficulties as these did not use to puzzle such Inventions: It was therefore agreed, that my Lord *Rochester* should be drest in Women's Cloaths; and while the Husband was engaged by my Lord Duke, and the good Liquor, he should go and try his Luck with the old Beldam at Home. He knew that she was a mighty Lover of a Dram of the Bottle, when she could come by it. With that *Viaticum* he marches, equipt like a *Country Lass*, to the old Miser's House. It was with much ado, he found Means to get Sight or Speech of the old Woman; but at last he obtained that Favour; when, perfect in all the Cant of those People, he began to tell the Occasion of his coming, and bantering her, in Hopes she would invite him in; but all in vain; he was admitted no farther than the Porch, with the House-Door just a-jar: At last, my Lord takes this Method; rising
up

up as going away, pretends himself in a Fit, and falls against the Door: The Noise brings the young Wife to them, who, with much Intreaty, perswades her Keeper to help the poor Girl into the House, in respect to the Decorum of the Sex, and the unhappy Condition she was in. The Door had not been long shut, but by Degrees my Lord comes to himself, and being set on a Chair, cants a very religious Thanksgiving, thro' the Nose, for the Humanity of the good old Gentlewoman; and begins to tell how deplorable her hard Fortune was to have such Fits; which often took her in the Street, and so made her liable to many Accidents; but every now and then, as a Relief, took a Sip of the Bottle, and recommended it to the old Woman, who was sure to drink a hearty Dram, and when offered the young Lads, she would stop the Bottle, and say, *it was nought for young People*, and the like, in order to save a larger Share for her self.

My Lord had another Bottle qualified with a little *Opium*, which would sooner accomplish his Desires, and lay the *Dragon* asleep. His Lordship made an End of the first Bottle, and gave the old Beldam the Somniferous Liquor, which drinking, with Greediness enough, she fell fast asleep.

My

My Lord, now fired with the Presence of the lovely Creature, to whom he had made such near Approaches, was full of eager Desires, which caused him often to change Colour, and made her imagine some Return of his Fits; and asking the Question, my Lord replied, That, *if she would be so charitable to let him lie down on the Bed, he should soon recover.* The good-natured Creature conducted him to her Chamber, where being laid down, and she staying by him at his Request, his Lordship soon put her in Mind of her Condition, asking about her Husband; whom the young Woman painted in his true Colours both *up, and a-bed*, supposing she had only a *Woman* with her. By her Story, my Lord found that a little Love would not be disagreeable; Opportunity, Revenge, and various Pleasures concurring. So soon as she had laid her self down by my Lord, pleased with his Conversation, his Lordship began to kiss her, embrace her, and to proceed farther. She was wonderfully surprized at such Addresses from a *Woman*, but was soon made sensible by his Lordship, that he did not *provoke* without a Power of *appeasing*. In short, Madam, my Lord was as happy as he could desire, and as long as he durst stay,

stay, for fear of the Husband's return, and the Keeper's awaking.

BUT *Phillis* was unwilling to part with him, and resolved to escape from her Prison, where she had neither Pleasure nor Ease, to a Place, where she promised herself abundance of both. My Lord was glad of the Opportunity of gratifying likewise his Friend the Duke of *Buckingham*. Besides, she took Care of some Money, having long since resolved on a Flight; and being acquainted with the old Gentleman's Hoards, supplied her self with one hundred and fifty Broad Pieces, and marched off with my Lord to the Inn about Midnight. They were to pass over three or four Fields before they reached it; and, in the last, they were very near falling into the Enemy's Hands: The old Fellow calling out to the Servant who was lighting him Home, and his Voice discovering him, our Adventurers struck down the Field, out of the Path, and, to be the more secure, lay down in the Grass. The Place, the Occasion, and the Person that was so near, put his Lordship in mind of renewing his Pleasure in Sight of his Cuckold. The Nymph was no longer nice, and easily complied with any of his Desires.

fires. But not to detain your GRACE any longer with this Story, my Lord got the Damsel home, conveyed her up Stairs, to the Duke's Bed, and there having laid her, retired, with a Promise of returning as soon as he could change his Cloaths, look after the Family, and the like. But he having had his Ends already, sent up my Lord Duke in his Place, whom the ignorant and passive Nymph bore with equal Satisfaction.

WHEN the old Miser came Home, finding his Doors open, his Sister asleep, his Wife fled, and his Money gone, after raving like a Mad-man, he hanged himself. This News was soon spread about the Neighbourhood, and reached the Inn; where both Lovers, *now*, as weary of their Purchase, as desirous of it *before*, doubled her Cash, advised her to retire to *London*, where, this Disgrace not being known, she might get another Husband; and told her they intended soon to be there themselves. She followed their Advice; and so this Adventure ended. His Majesty, soon after, coming that Way, found them both in their Posts, and took them into Favour, and with him to *Newmarket*.

HIS Amours at Court are too well known to your GRACE, to need my repeating of them.

them. Besides, they are mingled too much with the Reputation of Ladies of Quality, to revive them. I cannot omit that Affair which my Lord had with the fine Miss *Roberts*, Mistress to the King, whom she left and refused, for the Possession of my Lord's Person and Heart, as she imagined: But he was soon cloyed with the Enjoyment of any one Woman, tho' the fairest in the World, and forsook her. The Lady, after the first Emotion of her Passion was over, grew as indifferent, and considered how she should retrieve the King's Heart. For this Purpose, a lucky Occasion presented it self: One Morning, as she was dressing her Head at her Window, she saw the King coming by; down Stairs she ran, with her Hair about her Ears, threw her self at his Majesty's Feet, implored his Pardon, and vowed Constancy for the future. The good King, vanquished with the Sight, took her up, and protested *no Man could see her, and not love*, waited on her up to her Lodging, and there compleated the Reconciliation.

THE Story of his Lordship's turning Mountebank, is in every Body's Mouth, therefore it would be superfluous to mention it here. And now, judging my Discourse swelled to a larger Bulk than I designed

signed it, having given your GRACE a Specimen of his Humour in the Pursuit of odd Adventures, I shall draw to a Conclusion.

His continual Course of Drinking, and a perpetual Expence of Spirits, in Love and Writing, had broken his Constitution, and brought him into a Consumption, of which, after a lingering Sickness, he died at the Lodge in *Woodstock Park*, on the 26th of *July*, 1680. at Two in the Morning, without any Pangs at all, Nature being worn out, and all the Food of Life exhausted, in the 33d Year of his Age.

As for his Repentance, and those Arguments produced by Dr. BURNET, I am apt to depend on his Veracity, notwithstanding some Reports to the contrary, tho' asserted with the Boldness which only belongs to Truth: For my Lord was Master of too much Reason, to be an Atheist, or, when he came calmly to consider, not to be a Christian, which must necessarily lead him to that Repentance the Doctor assures us of.

It may be here expected, that I should give a Character of his Lordship's Writings, his Genius, his Temper, and the like: But the former are so well defended already, that there is nothing left for me to add; and it is so difficult a Matter to paint the latter,
that

that I am afraid to attempt it. However, since it is a Part of the Task I have undertaken, I shall venture to add a few Words on both.

HE had a Strength of Expression, and a Happiness of Thought peculiar to himself, and seems to me, of all the Moderns, to have come nearest the Antients in *Satire*, not excepting our BOILEAU; for tho' he be very correct, and has spared no Pains to dress the *Satires* of HORACE in good *French*, yet it smells too much of the Lamp: Whereas, when any Thought of HORACE, JUVENAL, PERSIUS, or BOILEAU, occurs in my Lord's Verses, it is plainly his own, without any Marks of borrowing it from any other, the Spirit and Easiness of the whole being of a Piece. His looser Songs, and Pieces, too obscene for the Ladies Eyes, have their peculiar Beauties, and are indeed too dangerous to peruse; for what would have rendered them nauseous, if they had been written by a Genius less powerful, in him alarms the Fancy, and rouses the Blood and Appetite more than all the Medicaments of CLEOPATRA. There are two Books in *Latin* that seem to be written with my Lord's Spirit, *Petronius Arbitr*, and *Meurfius's* Dialogues, where the Beauty of the Expression, and the Strength
of

of the Spirit and Fancy, have given a fort of Merit to Lewdness, which no other Writers could ever obtain.

As for his Lordship's Temper, it was various, as it was more or less inspired with Wine. He was an excellent Mimic; and in all his frolicksome Disguises, he so truly personated the Thing he would seem, that his most intimate Acquaintance could not discover the Imposture. The Pleasure he gave in his Conversation, was a Snare to him; for his Mirth increasing with his Liquor, many Persons of Quality, his Friends, promoted the Glass, to his Detriment, for their own Satisfaction. It is certain, that in his natural Temper, when sober, he was a good-natured Man, and had not that Allay of Malice, which in many Things he discovered, when heated by a Debauch. He had a particular Pique to Mr. DRYDEN, after his mighty Success in the Town; either, because he was sensible that he deserved not that Applause for his *Tragedies*, which the mad unthinking Audience gave them, (which Corruptness of Taste was afterwards somewhat corrected by the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's *Rehearsal*,) or whether it was out of Indignation at being rivalled in Reputation, either as a Poet in general, or a Satyrist in parti-

cular; *Satire*, indeed, being one of the chief Excellencies of Mr. DRYDEN, as well as of my Lord ROCHESTER. The Effect of this was discovered, by his Lordship's setting up Mr. CROWN in Opposition to Mr. DRYDEN. He recommended him to the King, ordering him to compose a *Masque* || for the Court, when it was the Business of the Poet-Laureat. But when Mr. CROWN's *Destruction of Jerusalem* * had met with as wild and unaccountable Success as Mr. DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*, his Lordship withdrew his Favours, as if he would be still in Contradiction to the Town; and, in that, perhaps, he was generally in the right; for of all Audiences, in polite Nations, perhaps there is not one that judges so very falsely of the *Drama* as the *English*, unless it be the *Spaniards*, who seem to have much the same wild, injudicious Taste. This the incomparable CERVANTES has shewn in his inimitable DON QUIXOT. My Lord was generally fickle in his *Amours*, and made no great Scruple of his Oaths of Fidelity. Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE wrote DORIMANT † in Compliment

|| It was intitled, CALISTO: Or, The Chaste Nymph. Performed in the Year 1675.

* 1677.

† DORIMANT, is the fine Gentleman in The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flatter; A Comedy.

Earl of ROCHESTER. xxvii

pliment to him, as drawing his Lordship's Character, and burnishing all the Foibles of it, to make them shine like Perfections.

To conclude, his Lordship was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and spared nothing that would increase the one, or promote the other.

THUS, Madam, I have complied with your GRACE's Desire; and if I have not given you diverting Relations enough of his Lordship, you must impute it to the Limits of a Letter, to which I was confined; but I am ready at any Time to write all I know, or that can with Decency be conveyed to your GRACE's View. I am, Madam,

Your GRACE's

Most Obedient,

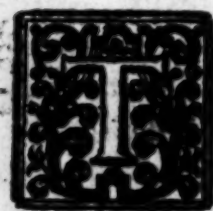
Humble Servant,

EVREMOND.



A
CHARACTER
 OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

*By Mr. WOLSLEY, in the Preface
 to Valentinian, a Tragedy, altered by
 his Lordship.*



HERE has not lived in many Ages, if ever, so extraordinary, and, I think I may add, so useful a Person, as most *Englishmen* know my Lord Rochester to have been; whether we consider the constant good Sense, and the agreeable Mirth of his ordinary Conversation, or the vast Reach and Compass of his Invention, and the wonderful Depth of his retired Thoughts; the uncommon Graces
 of

of his Fashion, or the inimitable Turns of his Wit ; the becoming Genteelness, the bewitching Softness of his Civility, or the Force and Fitness of his *Satire* ; for, as he was both the Delight and the Wonder of Men, the Love and the Dotage of Women, so was he a continual Curb to Impertinence, and the public Censor of Folly. Never did Man stay in his Company unentertained, or leave it uninstructed ; never was his Understanding byassed, or his Pleasantness forced ; never did he laugh in the wrong Place, or prostitute his Sense to serve his Luxury ; never did he stab into the Wounds of fallen Virtue with a base and cowardly Insult, or smooth the Face of prosperous Villany with the Paint and Washes of a mercenary Wit ; never did he spare a Fop for being Rich, or flatter a Knave for being Great. As most Men had an Ambition (thinking it an indisputable Title to Wit) to be in the Number of his Friends, so few were his Enemies, but such as did not know him, or such as hated him for what others loved him ; and never did he go among Strangers, but he gained Admirers, if not Friends ; and commonly of such, who had been before prejudiced against him. Never was his Talk thought too much, or his Visit too long ; Enjoyment

xxx CHARACTERS of the

did but increase Appetite; and the more Men had of his Company, the less willing they were to part with it. He had a Wit that could make even his Spleen and his ill Humour pleasant to his Friends, and the public chiding of his Servants, which would have been ill Breeding, and intolerable in any other Man, became not only civil and inoffensive, but agreeable and entertaining in him: A Wit that could please the most morose, persuade the most obstinate, and soften the most obdurate; a Wit, whose Edge could ease by cutting, and whose Point could tickle while it probed; a Wit, that used to nip in the very Bud the growing Fopperies of the Times, and keep down those Weeds and Suckers of Humanity; nor was it an Enemy to such only as are troublesome to Men of Sense in Conversation, but to those also of a far worse Nature, that are destructive of public Good, and pernicious to the common Interest of Mankind.

He had a Wit that was accompanied with an unaffected Greatness of Mind, and a natural Love to Justice and Truth; a Wit that was in perpetual War with Knavery, and ever attacking those Kind of Vices most, whose Malignity was like to be most diffusive, such as tended more immediately to the Prejudice of public Bodies, and were

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of a common Nuisance to the Happiness of Human Kind. Never was his Pen drawn but on the Side of good Sense, and usually employed, like the Arms of the ancient Heroes, to stop the Progress of arbitrary Oppression, to beat down the Brutishness of strong Will, and to do his King and Country Justice upon such public *State-Thieves*, as would beggar a Kingdom to enrich themselves. These were the Vermin whom (to his eternal Honour) his Pen was continually pricking and goading; a Pen, if not so happy in the Success, yet as generous in the Aim, as either the Sword of THESEUS, or the Club of HERCULES; nor was it less sharp than *That*, or less weighty than *This*. If he did not take so much Care of himself as he ought, he had the Humanity, however, to wish well to others; and I think I may truly affirm, he did the World as much Good by a right Application of *Satire*, as he hurt himself by a wrong Pursuit of *Pleasure*.

I MUST not here forget, that a considerable Time before his last Sickness, his Wit began to take a more serious Bent, and to frame and fashion it self to public Business. He began to inform himself of the Wisdom of our Laws, and the excellent Constitution of the *English* Government, and to speak in the *House of Peers* with general Approbation.

tion. He was inquisitive after all Kind of Histories that concerned *England*, both ancient and modern, and set himself to read the *Journals of Parliament Proceedings*. In Effect, he seemed to study nothing more, than which Way to make that great Understanding *God* had given him, most useful to his Country ; and I am confident, had he lived, his riper Age would have served it, as much as his Youth had diverted it. Add to this, the Generosity of his Temper, and the Affability of his good Sense ; the Willingness he still shewed to raise the Oppressed, and the Pleasure he took to humble the Proud ; the constant Readiness of his Parts, and that great Presence of Mind, which never let him want a fit and pertinent Answer to the most sudden and unexpected Question ; a Talent as useful as it is rare. The admirable Skill he was Master of, to countermine the Plots of his Enemies, and break thro' the Traps that were laid for him ; to work himself out of the Entanglement of unlucky Accidents, and repair the Indiscretions of his Youth, by the Quickness and Fineness of his Wit ; the strange Facility he had to talk to all Capacities in their own Dialect, and make himself good Company to all Kind of People at all Times ; so that if we would find a Soul to resemble that

Earl of Rochester. xxxiii

that beautiful Portraiture of Man with which LUCRETIVS (according to his sublime Manner of Description) compliments his Friend MEMMIUS, when he says, That VENUS the Goddess of Beauty, and second Cause of all Things, had formed him to excel (and that upon all Occasions) in every necessary Grace and Virtue; I say, if we would justify this charming Picture, and clear it from Flattery, even to human Nature, we must set it by my Lord ROCHESTER. Of him it may be truly said in the fullest Sense of the Words,

— *Quem tu, Dea, Tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.*

WHAT last and most of all deserves Admiration in my Lord, was his POETRY, which alone is Subject enough for perpetual Panegyric. But the Character of it is so generally known; it has so eminently distinguished itself from that of other Men, by a thousand irresistible Beauties; every Body is so well acquainted with it, by the Effect it has had upon them; that to trace and single out the several Graces, may seem a Task as superfluous, as to describe to a Lover the Lines and Features of his Mistress's Face. It is sufficient to observe,

xxxiv CHARACTERS of the

that his Poetry, like himself, was all Original; and has a Stamp so particular, so unlike any Thing that has been wrote before, that as it disdained all servile Imitation, and copying from others, so neither is it capable (in my Opinion) of being copied, any more than the Manner of his Discourse could be copied; the Excellencies are too many and too masterly. On the other Side, the Faults are few, and those inconsiderable: Their Eyes must be better than ordinary, who can see the minute Spots with which so bright a Jewel is stained, or rather set off; for those it has, are of the Kind which, HORACE says, *can never offend.*

— *Quas aut incuria fudit;
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.*

Such little Negligences as Humanity cannot be exempt from, and such, as perhaps were necessary to make his Lines run natural and easy; for as nothing is more disagreeable, either in Verse or Prose, than a slovenly Looseness of Style, so, on the other hand, too nice a Correctness will be apt to deaden the Life, and make the Piece too stiff. Between these two Extreams, is the just Character of my Lord Ro-

Earl of Rochester. xxxv

ROCHESTER's Poetry to be found; it has every where a Tincture of that unaccountable Charm in his Fashion and Conversation, that peculiar Becomingness in all he said and did, that drew the Eyes and won the Hearts of all who came near him.

To conclude. The Applause of his Wit was so *universal*, and the Manner so *agreeable*, none ever *disliked* it, but those who *feared* it; none ever *decried* it, but those who *envied* it.





A

CHARACTER

OF THE

Earl of ROCHESTER.

By Mr. WOOD, in his Athen. Oxon.



HE was a Person of most rare Parts; and his natural Talent was excellent, much improved by Learning and Industry, being thoroughly acquainted with all *Classic Authors*, both *Greek* and *Latin*; a Thing very rare, if not peculiar to him, among those of his Quality. He knew also how to use them; not as other Poets have done, to translate or steal from, but rather to better and improve them by his natural Fancy. But the eager Tendency and violent Impulses of his natural Temper, unhappily inclining him to the Excesses of Pleasure and Mirth, which, with the wonderful Pleasantness of his inimitable

CHARACTERS, &c. **XV**

table Humour, did so far engage the Affections of the Dissolute towards him, that, to make him delightfully venturous and frolicksome, to the utmost Degrees of riotous Extravagancy, they for some Years heightened his Spirits (inflamed with Wine) into one almost uninterrupted Fit of Wantonness and Intemperance.

ANDREW MARVELL, who was a good Judge of Wit, did use to say, That ROCHESTER was the only Man in England that had the true Vein of Satire. At length, after a short, but pleasant Life, this noble and beautiful Earl paid his last Debt to Nature, on the 26th of July, 1680, and was buried the 17th of August in a Vault under the North Isle joining to Spelsbury Church in Oxfordshire, by the Body of his Father HENRY, the Generous, Loyal, and Valiant Earl of ROCHESTER.

HE left behind him a Son named CHARLES, who dying upon the 12th of November, was buried by his Father on the 7th of December following. He also left behind him three Daughters, named ANNE, ELIZABETH, and MALET; so that the Male Line ceasing, His Majesty King CHARLES II. conferred the Title of ROCHESTER on LAURENCE, Viscount KILLINGWORTH, a younger Son of EDWARD Earl of CLARENDON. A

CHARACTER
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

By the Reverend Mr. PARSONS, in the
SERMON he preached at his Lordship's
FUNERAL.



THIS Quality I shall take no Notice of, there being so much of what was excellent and extraordinary in this Great Person, that I have no Room for any Thing that is common to him with others.

A WIT he had, so rare and fruitful in its Invention, and withal so choice and delicate in its Judgment, that there is nothing wanting in his Compossures to give a full Answer to that Question, *What and where Wit is?* except the Purity and
Choice

Choice of Subject. Whoever reads his Composures, will find all Things in them so peculiarly great, new, and excellent, that he will easily pronounce, That tho' he has lent to many others, yet he has borrowed of none; and that he has been as far from a sordid Imitation of those before him, as he will be from being reached by those that follow him. *ENTHO*

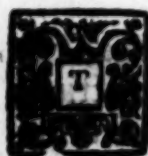
IN his other Personal Accomplishments, in all the Perfections of a Gentleman, for the Court or the Country, he was known by all Men to be a very great Master. He declared, That *that absurd and foolish Philosophy, which the World so much admired, propagated by the late Mr. HOBBS, and others, had undone him, and many more, of the best Parts, in the Nation.*

FROM the Breasts of his Mother, the University, he first sucked those Perfections of Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry, which afterwards, by his own corrupt Stomach, or some ill Juices after, were turned into Poison to himself and others; which certainly can be no more a Blemish to those illustrious Seminaries of Piety and good Learning, than a disobedient Child is to a Wise and Virtuous Father, or the Fall of Man to the Excellency of Paradise.



A
CHARACTER
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

By Dr. BURNET, in some Passages of his
Life and Death, &c.



HIS noble Lord appeared at Court with as great Advantages as most ever had. He was a graceful and well-shaped Person, tall, and well made, if not a little too slender: He was exactly well-bred, and, what by a modest Behaviour natural to him, what by a Civility become almost as natural, his Conversation was easy and obliging.

HE had a strange Vivacity of Thought, and Vigour of Expression: His Wit had a Subtilty and Sublimity both, that were scarce imitable. His Style was clear and strong:

strong : When he used Figures, they were very lively, and yet far enough out of the common Road. He had made himself Master of the ancient and modern Wit, and of the modern *French* and *Italian*, as well as the *English*. He loved to talk and write of *Speculative Matters* ; and did it with so fine a Thread, that even those who hated the Subjects that his Fancy ran upon, yet could not but be charmed with his Way of treating of them. BOILEAU among the *French*, and COWLEY among the *English* Wits, were those he admired most. Sometimes other Mens Thoughts mixed with his Compositions ; but that flowed rather from the Impressions they made on him when he read them, by which they came to return upon him as his own Thoughts, than that he servilely copied from any : For few Men ever had a bolder Height of Fancy, more steadily governed by Judgment, than he had. No Wonder a young Man so made, and so improved, was very acceptable in a Court.

HE laid out his Wit very freely in *Libels* and *Satires*, in which he had a peculiar Talent of mixing his Wit with his Malice, and fitting both, with such apt Words, that Men were tempted to be pleased with them. From thence his *Compositions* came to be easily known ; for few had such a Way of tempering.

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pering these together as he had : So that when any Thing extraordinary that Way, came out, as a Child is fathered sometimes by its Resemblance, so was it laid at his Door, as its Parent and Author.

HE would often go into the Country, and be for some Months wholly employed in Study, or the Sallies of his Wit, which he came to direct chiefly to *Satire*. And this he often defended to me, by saying, "*There were some People that could not be kept in Order, or Admonished, but in this Way.*"

FOR his other Studies, they were divided between the comical and witty Writings of the Ancients and Moderns, the *Roman* Authors, and Books of Physic, which the ill State of Health he was fallen into, made more necessary to himself.

IN his latter Years, he read Books of History more. He took Pleasure to disguise himself as a Porter, or as a Beggar; sometimes to follow some mean Amours, which, for the Variety of them, he affected: At other Times, meerly for Diversion, he would go about in odd Shapes, in which he acted his Part so naturally, that even those who were in the Secret, and saw him in these Shapes, could perceive nothing, by which he might be discovered.

He

Earl of Rochester. xliii

HE died in the 33d Year of his Age. Nature had fitted him for great Things, and his Knowledge and Observation qualified him to have been one of the most extraordinary Men, not only of this Nation, but of the Age he lived in. And I do verily believe, that if God had thought fit to have continued him longer in the World, he had been the Wonder and Delight of all that knew him.

The following, is a true Copy of his Lordship's SPEECH, when he set up for an Italian Mountebank on Tower-Hill, under the feigned Name of ALEXANDER BENDO.



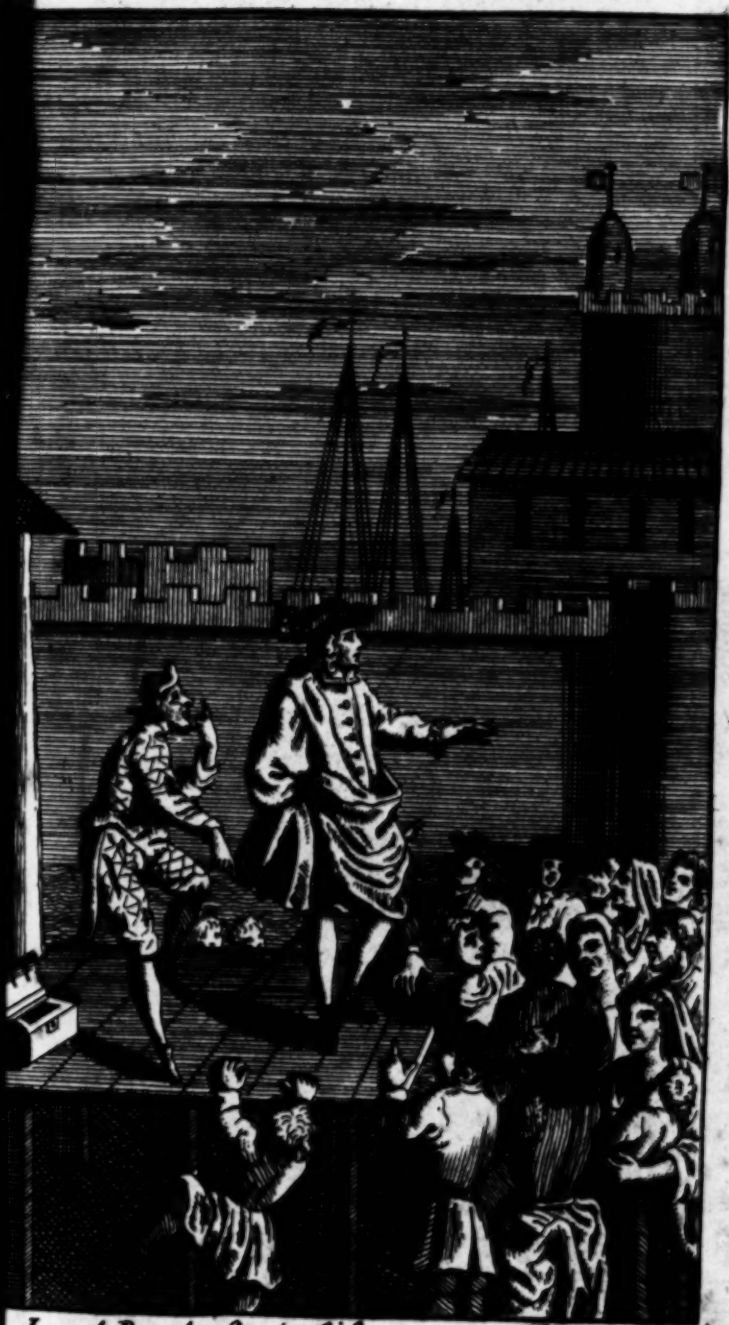
To



To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others,
whether of City, Town, or Country,
ALEXANDER BENDO wisheth
all Health and Prosperity.



Hereas this famous Metropolis of England ; (and were the Endeavourers of its worthy Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit, and Virtue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short Time, the Metropolis of the whole World ;) Whereas, I say, this City (as most great Ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous Company of such, whose arrogant Confidence, backed with their Ignorance, has enabled them to impose upon the People, either by premeditated Cheats, or, at best, the palpable, dull, and empty Mistakes of their self-deluded Imagination in Physic, Chymical and Galenic ; in Astrology, Physiognomy, Palmestry, Mathematicks, Alchymy, and even in Government itself, the last of which, I will not propose to discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it no Way belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the rest do ; which
(Thanks



Lord Rochester's Life pag. 40. J. Smith. Sculp.



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(Thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think, equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

BUT as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practised by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness, for the most part, (if not the restless Itch of deceiving,) has forced to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, tho' originally the Products of the most learned and wise Mens laborious Studies and Experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come, seem, by this Bastard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stocked; and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errors, and Deceits, such as, in the Management of these idle Professors, indeed they were.

YOU will therefore, (I hope,) Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, deem it but just, that I, who for some Years have with all Faithfulness and Affinity courted these Arts, and received such signal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets, should, with an Earnestness and Concern more than ordinary, take their Parts against those impudent Fops, whose saucy impertinent Addresses and Pretensions, have brought such a Scandal upon their most immaculate Honours and Reputations.

BE-

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BESIDES, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul Play myself, I would have given you so fair Warning, by my severe Observations upon others. Qui alterum incusat Probri, ipsum se intueri oportet, says Plautus. However, Gentlemen, in a World like this, where Virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisy so generally taken Notice of, that every one (armed with Suspicion) stands upon his Guard against it, it will be very hard, for a Stranger, especially, to escape Censure. All I shall say for myself on this Score, is this: If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the sake of that, chiefly, ought I to be construed a true Man. Who is the Counterfeit's Example? His Original; and that, which he employs his Industry and Pains to imitate and copy. Is it therefore my Fault, if the Cheat, by his Wits and Endeavours, makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him? Consider, pray, the Valiant, and the Coward; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt; the Politician, and the Fool; they are the same in many Things, and differ but in one alone.

THE valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it; so does the Coward: One only Point of Honour excepted, and that is Courage, which (like false Metal, one only Tryal can discover) makes the Distinction.

Alexander Bendo's Speech. xlvii

THE Bankrupt walks the Exchange, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Richest, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin: That which makes the Difference is real Cash; a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that, the last found out, and still, 'till then, the least perceived.

Now for the Politician; he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man: Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying Fools?

IF then the Difference betwixt all these (tho' infinite in Effect) be so nice in all Appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false Physician, Astrologer, &c. and the true? The first calls himself learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Physic and Counsel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do just as much: It is only your Experience, must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit my self. I will only say something to the Honour of the MOUNTBANK, in case you discover me to be one.

REFLECT a little what Kind of Creature it is: He is one then, who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft; he draws great Companies to him by undertaking strange Things, which can never be effected. The Politician, (by his Example, no doubt,) finding how the People are taken with specious miraculous Impossibilities, plays the same Game; protests, declares, promises I know not what Things, which he is sure can never be brought about. The People believe,

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xlviiii Alexander Bendo's Speech.

are deluded, and pleased; the Expectation of a future Good, which shall never befall them, draws their Eyes off a present Evil. Thus are they kept and established in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; he in Greatness, Wealth, and Power. So you see the Politician is, and must be, a Mountebank in State-Affairs; and the Mountebank, no doubt, if he thrives, is an errant Politician in Physic. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly, at this Time, to serve my Country.

FIRST, I will (by the Leave of God) perfectly cure that Labes Britanpica, or Grand English Disease, the Scurvy; and that with such Ease to my Patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least Inconvenience, whilst I steal his Distemper from him. I know there are many, who treat this Disease with Mercury, Antimony, Spirits, and Salts; being dangerous Remedies; in which, I shall meddle very little, and with great Caution; but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines, together with the Observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the Patient, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as Looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains and Lassitude in the Limbs and Joints, especially the Legs. And to say true, there are few Distempers in this Nation that are not, or at least proceed not originally from the Scurvy; which,
were

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were it well rooted out, (as I make no question to do it from all those who shall come into my Hands,) there would not be heard of so many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies, and Consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy Humours, which generate Stones in the Kidneys and Bladder, are for the most part Offsprings of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant Race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me of the Nature of their Distempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: So will all reasonable People be satisfied that I treat them with Care, Honesty, and Understanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocations rather mysterious, than useful and satisfactory.

I WILL not here make a Catalogue of Diseases and Distempers; it behoves a Physician, I am sure, to understand them All; but if any one come to me, (as I think there are very few that have escaped my Practice,) I shall not be ashamed to own to my Patient where I find my self to seek; and, at least, he shall be secure with me from having Experiments tried upon him; a Privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the Hands of the grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in those of the lesser Quacks and Mountebanks.

IT is thought fit, that I assure you of great Secrecy, as well as Care, in Diseases, where it is requisite; whether Venereal, or others; as some peculiar to Women, the Green-Sickness, Weaknesses,

1 Alexander Bendo's Speech.

Inflammations, or Obstructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. for I would put no Word in my Bill that bears any unclean Sound; it is enough that I make my self understood. I have seen Physicians Bills as bawdy as Aretine's Dialogues, which no Man, that walks warily before God, can approve of; but I cure all Suffocations, in those Parts, producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents, not fit to be set down here; perswading young Women very often, that their Hearts are like to break for Love, when, God knows, the Distemper lies far enough from that Place.

I HAVE likewise got the Knowledge of a great Secret, to cure Barrenness, (proceeding from any Accidental Cause, as it often falls out, and no Natural Defect; for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it,) which I have made use of for many Years with great Success, especially this last Year, wherein I have cured one Woman that had been married twenty Years, and Another that had been married one and twenty Years, and two Women that had been three Times married; as I can make appear by the Testimonies of several Persons in London, Westminster, and other Places thereabouts. The Medicines I use, cleanse and strengthen the Womb, and are all to be taken in the Space of seven Days. And because I do not intend

Alexander Bendo's Speech. li

to deceive any Person, upon Discourse with them, I will tell them whether I am like to do them any Good. My usual Contract is, to receive one Half of what is agreed upon, when the Party shall be quick with Child, the other Half when she is brought to bed.

CURES of this kind I have done signal, and many; for the which, I doubt not but I have the good Wishes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had else pined out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Estates and Possessions to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise, (Palmistry I have no Faith in, because there can be no Reason alledged for it,) my own Experience has convinced me more of their considerable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themselves; I say, my own Practice has convinced me, more than all the sage and wise Writings extant, of those Matters; for I might say this of my self, (did it not look like Ostentation,) that I have very seldom failed in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice. How far I am capable in this Way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in Print: Those who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I suppose

lii Alexander Bendo's Speech.

pose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample Satisfaction.

NOR will I be ashamed to set down here my Willingness to practise Rare Secrets, (tho' somewhat collateral to my Profession,) for the Help, Conservation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness; a Thing created at first by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better Establishment of mutual Love between Man and Woman; for when God had bestowed on Man the Power of Strength and Wisdom, and thereby rendered Woman liable to the Subjection of his Absolute Will, it seemed but requisite that she should be endued likewise, in Recompence, with some Quality that might beget in him Admiration of her, and so enforce his Tenderneſs and Love.

THE Knowledge of these Secrets, I gathered in my Travels abroad (where I have spent my Time ever since I was fifteen Years old, to this my nine and twentieth Year) in France and Italy. Those that have travelled in Italy, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there assist Nature in the Preservation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the same Countenance with those of Fifteen: Ages are no ways distinguished by Faces; whereas here in England, look a Horse in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you presently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you such Remedies, that, without destroying your Complexion, (as most of your Paints and Daubings do,) shall

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render

Alexander Bendo's Speech. liii

render them purely fair; clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, Pimples, and Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, so the Face be not seamed or scarred.

I WILL also cleanse and preserve your Teeth white and round as Pearls, fastening them that are loose: Your Gums shall be kept entire, as red as Coral; your Lips of the same Colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses.

I WILL likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally perished and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose Breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing but either a very long Sickness, or Old-Age itself, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I WILL besides (if it be desired) take away from their Fatness who have over-much, and add Flesh to those that want it, without the least Detriment to their Constitutions.

Now should Galen himself look out of his Grave, and tell me these were Baubles, below the Profession of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, That I take more Glory in preserving God's Image, in its unblemished Beauty, upon one good Face, than I should do in patching up all the decayed Carcases in the World.

THEY that will do me the Favour to come to me, shall be sure, from Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, till Eight at Night, (at my Lodgings in

[b 3]

Tower-

liv Alexander Bendo's *Speech.*

Tower-Street, next Door to the Sign of the Black Swan, at a Goldsmith's House,) to find

Their Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BENDO.

P. S. In some measure to illustrate his Lordship's Life, as well as his Works, we thought it would be neither improper, nor unacceptable to the Reader, to insert the Character of King CHARLES II. as it was most excellently drawn by the Right Honourable *John Sheffield*, late Duke of *Buckinghamshire*.





A SHORT
CHARACTER
OF
King CHARLES II.

 HAVE pitched upon this Character of King CHARLES II. not for his being a *King*, nor my having had the Honour to serve him: The *first* of these, would be too vulgar a Consideration; and the *other*, too particular. But I think it a Theme of great Variety; and whatever is wanting in the Writer, may, I hope, be recompenced in the Agreeableness of the Subject; which is sometimes enough to recommend a Picture, tho' ill drawn; and to make a Face one likes, oftner looked on, than the best Piece of *Raphael*.

To begin then, according to Custom, with his *Religion*, which (since his Death) hath made so much Noise in the World: I yet dare confidently affirm it to have been only that which is vulgarly, tho' unjustly, counted *none at all*, I mean DEISM. And this

lvi *A Short* CHARACTER of

uncommon Opinion he owed more to the Liveliness of his Parts, and Carelesness of his Temper, than either to Reading, or much Consideration; for his Quickness of Apprehension, at first View, could discern thro' the several Cheats of Pious Pretences; and his natural Laziness confirmed him in an equal Mistrust of them All, for fear he should be troubled with examining which was best.

IF in his early Travels, and late Designs, he seemed a little byassed to *one Sort of Religion*; the *first* is only to be imputed to a certain Easiness of Temper, and a Complaisance for that Company he was then forced to keep; and the *last*, was no more than his being tired (which he soon was in any Difficulty) with those bold Oppositions in Parliament; which made him almost throw himself into the Arms of a *Roman-Catholick* Party, so remarkable of late for their Loyalty; who embraced him gladly, and lulled him asleep with those enchanting Songs of Sovereignty and Prerogative, which the best and wisest Princes are often unable to resist.

AND tho' he engaged himself on that Side more fully at a Season when it is in vain, and too late, to dissemble; we ought less to wonder at it, than to consider that our very Judgments are apt to grow, in Time, as
partial

partial as our Affections; and thus, by Accident only, he became of their Opinion in his Weaknesses, who had so much endeavoured always to contribute to his Power.

HE loved Ease and Quiet, to which his unnecessary Wars are so far from being a Contradiction, that they are rather a Proof of it, since they were made only to comply with those Persons whose Dissatisfaction would have proved more uneasy to one of his Humour, than all that distant Noise of Cannon which he would often listen to with a great deal of Tranquillity. Besides, the great and almost only Pleasure of Mind he seemed addicted to, was Shipping, and Sea-Affairs; which seemed to be so much his Talent for Knowledge, as well as Inclination, that a War of that kind was rather an Entertainment, than any Disturbance to his Thoughts.

IF he did not go himself at the Head of so magnificent a Fleet, it is only to be imputed to that Eagerness of Military Glory in his *Brother*; which, under Shew of a decent Care for preserving the *Royal Person* from Danger, engrossed all that Sort of Honour to himself, with as much Jealousy of any other's interposing in it, as a *King* of another Temper would have had of his. It is certain, no Prince was ever more fitted

Iviii *A Short CHARACTER of*

by Nature for his Country's Interest, than he was, in all his Maritime Inclinations; which might have proved of sufficient Advantage to this Nation, if he had been as careful of depressing all such Improvements in *France*, as of advancing and encouraging our own; but it seems he wanted Jealousy in all his Inclinations, which leads us to consider him in his Pleasures.

IN these he was rather abandoned, than luxurious; and, like our Female Libertines, apter to be perswaded into Debauches for the Satisfaction of others, than to seek, with Choice, where most to please himself. I am of Opinion also, that in his latter Times, there was as much of Laziness as of Love, in all those Hours he passed among his Mistresses; who, after all, only served to fill up his Seraglio, while a bewitching kind of Pleasure, called Sauntering, and talking without any Constraint, was the true *Sultana* QUEEN he delighted in.

HE was surely inclined to Justice; for nothing else would have retained him so fast in the Succession of a *Brother*, against a *Son* he was so fond of, and the Humour of a *Party* which he so much feared. I am willing also to impute to his Justice, whatever seems, in some Measure, to contradict the general Opinion of his Clemency; as
his

his suffering always the Rigour of the Law to proceed, not only against all Highway-men, but also several others ; in whose Cases the Lawyers, according to their wonted Custom, had sometimes used a great deal of Hardship and Severity.

HIS Understanding was quick and lively in little Things, and sometimes would soar high enough in great ones ; but unable to keep it up with any long Attention or Application. Witty in all sorts of Conversation ; and telling a Story so well, that, not out of Flattery, but the Pleasure of hearing it, we seemed ignorant of what he had repeated to us ten Times before, as a good Comedy will bear the being often seen.

OF a wonderful Mixture ; losing all his Time, and setting his whole Heart upon the Fair Sex ; yet, neither angry with Rivals, nor in the least nice as to their being beloved ; and while he sacrificed all his Cash to his Mistresses, he would use to grudge and be uneasy at their losing a little of it again at Play, tho' never so necessary for their Diversion ; nor would he venture five Pounds at Tennis to those Servants, who might obtain as many Thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off.

IX *A Short* CHARACTER of

FULL of Diffimulation, and very *adroit* at it; yet no Man easier to be imposed on; for his great Dexterity was in coufening himself, by gaining a little one Way, while he lost ten times as much another; and by caressing those Persons most, who had deluded him the ofteneft; and yet the quickeft in the World at spying such a Ridicule in another.

EASY and good-natured to all People in Trifles; but in great Affairs severe and inflexible: In one Week's Absence quite forgetting those Servants, to whose Faces he could hardly deny any Thing. In the Midst of all his Remissness, so industrious and indefatigable upon some particular Occasions, that no Man would either toil longer, or be able to manage better.

HE was so liberal, as to ruin his Affairs by it; for *Want* in a KING of *England*, turns Things just upside down, and exposes a Prince to his People's Mercy. It did yet worse in him; for it forced him also to depend on his *Great Neighbour* in *France*, who played the *Broker* with him sufficiently in all those Times of Extremity. Yet this Profuseness of his, did not so much proceed from his overvaluing those he favoured, as from his undervaluing any Sums of Money which he did not see; tho' he found his Error in this, but, I confess, a little of the latest.

HE

HE had so natural an Aversion to all Formality, that with as much Wit as most Men ever had, and as Majestic a Mien, yet he could not, on Premeditation, act the Part of a KING for a Moment, either in Parliament or in Council, either in Words or Gesture; which carried him into the other Extream, (more inconvenient of the two for a *Prince*,) of letting all Distinction and Ceremony fall to the Ground, as useless and soppyish.

HIS Temper, both of Body and Mind was admirable; which made him an easy generous Lover, a civil obliging Husband, a friendly Brother, an indulgent Father, and a good-natured Master. If he had been as solicitous about improving the Faculties of his *Mind*, as he was in the Management of his *bodily Health*, tho', alas! this proved unable to make his Life *long*, that had not failed to make it *famous*.

HE was an illustrious Exception to all the common Rules of Physiognomy; for, with a most *Saturnine*, harsh sort of Countenance, he was both of a merry and a merciful Disposition; and in the last Thirty Years of his Life, as fortunate, as those of his Father had been dismal and tumultuous. If his Death had some Appearance of being untimely, it may be partly imputed

lxii *A Short CHARACTER, &c.*

puted to his extream healthy Constitution, which made the World as much surprized at his dying before Threescore, as if nothing but an ill Accident could have killed him.

I would not say any Thing on so sad a Subject, if I did not think that Silence it self would in such a Case signify too much; and therefore, as an Impartial Writer, I am obliged to observe, that, the *most knowing*, and the *most deserving* of all his *Physicians*, did not only believe him poisoned, but thought *Himself* so too, not long after, for having declared his *Opinion* a little too boldly.

But here I must needs take Notice of an unusual Piece of Justice, which yet all the World has almost unanimously agreed in; I mean, in not suspecting his *Successor* of the least Connivance at so horrid a Villany; and perhaps there is hardly a more remarkable Instance of that invincible Power of Truth and Innocence: For it is next to a Miracle, that so *Unfortunate a Prince*, in the midst of all those Advantages he lies under, should be yet cleared of this, even by his greatest Enemies, notwithstanding all those Circumstances that used to give a Suspicion, and that extream Malice, which has of late attended him in all his other Actions.



A
PASTORAL
ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

By *Mr.* FLATMAN.

I.



S on his Death-bed gasping STREPHON lay,
STREPHON the Wonder of the Plains,
The noblest of th' *Arcadian* Swains,
STREPHON the Bold, the Witty, and the Gay,
With many a Sigh, and many a Tear, he said,
Remember me, ye Shepherds, when I'm dead.

II. Ye

lxiv POEMS on the Death, &c.

II.

Ye trifling Glories of this World, Adieu,
And vain Applauses of the Age:
For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
Believe me, Shepherds, for I tell you true,
Those Pleasures which from Virtuous Deeds we have,
Procure the sweetest Slumbers in the Grave.

III.

Then since Your fatal Hour must surely come,
Surely your Heads lie low as Mine,
Your bright Meridian Sun decline,
Beseech the mighty PAIN to guard you Home:
If to *Elysium* you would happy fly,
Live not like STREPHON, but like STREPHON die.



ON



ON THE
 DEATH
 OF THE
 Earl of ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. BEHN.



Ourn, mourn, ye Muses All; your Loss deplore,
 The young, the noble STREPHON is no more.

Yes, yes, he's fled quick as departing Light,
 And ne'er shall rise from Death's eternal Night:

So

IXVI. POEMS on the Death of

So rich a Prize the *Stygian* Gods ne'er bore,
Such Wit, such Beauty, never grac'd their Shore:
He was but *lent* this duller World t'improve,
In all the Charms of *Poetry* and *Love*:

Both were his *Gifts*, which freely he bestow'd,
And, like a *God*, dealt to the wond'ring Crowd,
Scorning the little Vanity of Fame,
Spite of himself attain'd a glorious Name.

But, O! in vain was all his peevish Pride;
The *Sun* as soon might his vast Lustre hide,
As piercing, pointed, and more lasting bright,
As suffering no Vicissitudes of Night.

Mourn, mourn, ye *Muses* All; your Loss deplore,
The young, the noble *STREPHON* is no more.

Now uninspir'd upon your Banks we lie,
Unless when we would mourn his *Elegy*,
His Name's a *Genius* that wou'd Wit dispense,
And give the Theme a Soul, the Words a Sense.
But all fine Thoughts, that ravish'd when he spoke,
With the soft Youth eternal Leave has took:
Uncommon Wit, that did the Soul o'ercome,
Is bury'd all in *STREPHON*'s worshipp'd Tomb.
SATIRE has lost his Art, its Sting is gone,
The Fop and Cully now may be undone;
That dear instructing Rage is now allay'd,
And no sharp Pen dares tell 'em how they've stray'd:

Bold

the Earl of Rochester. lxvii

Bold as a God was ev'ry Lash he took,
But kind and gentle the chastising Stroke.
Mourn, mourn, ye Youths, whom Fortune has betray'd,
The last Reproacher of your Vice is dead.

MOURN, all ye Beauties; put your *Cyresses* on,
The truest Swain that e'er ador'd you's gone.
Think how he lov'd, and wrote, and sigh'd, and spoke;
Recal his Mien, his Fashion, and his Look,
By what dear Arts the Soul he did surprize,
Soft as his Voice, and charming as his Eyes,
Brings Garlands, All, of never-dying Flow'rs,
Bedew'd with everlasting falling Show'rs;
Fix your fair Eyes upon your victim'd Slave,
Sent gay and young to his untimely Grave.
See where the noble Swain extended lies,
Too sad a Triumph of your Victories;
Adorn'd with all the Graces Heav'n e'er lent;
All that was great, soft, lovely, excellent,
You've laid into his early Monument.

Mourn, mourn, ye Beauties; your sad Loss deplore,
The young, the charming STREPHON is no more.

MOURN, all ye little Gods of Love; whose Darts
Have lost their wonted Pow'r of piercing Hearts;
Lay by the Gilded Quiver and the Bow,
The useless Toys can do no Mischief now:

Those

lxviii POEMS *on the Death of*

Those Eyes, that all your Arrows-Points inspir'd,
Those Lights that gave you Fire, are now retir'd,
Cold as his Tomb, Pale as your Mother's Doves :
Bewail him then, O ! all ye little Loves !

For You, the humblest Votary have lost,
That ever your Divinities could boast.

Upon your Hands your weeping Heads recline,
And let your Wings encompass-round his Shrine ;
Instead of Flow'rs, your broken Arrows strow,
And at his Feet lay the neglected Bow.

Mourn, all ye little Gods ; your Loss deplore,
The soft, the charming STREPHON is no more.

LARGE was his Fame, but short his glorious Race ;
Like young LUCRETIVS, liv'd and dy'd apace :
So early Roses fade, so over All,
They cast their fragrant Scents, then softly fall ;
While all the scatter'd perfum'd Leaves declare,
How lovely 'twas when whole ; how sweet, how fair.
Had he been to the *Roman* Empire known,
When Great AUGUSTUS fill'd the peaceful Throne ;
Had he that noble wond'rous Poet seen,
And known his Genius, and survey'd his Mien,
(When *Wits* and *Heroes* grac'd divine Abodes)
He had increas'd the Number of their Gods ;

The

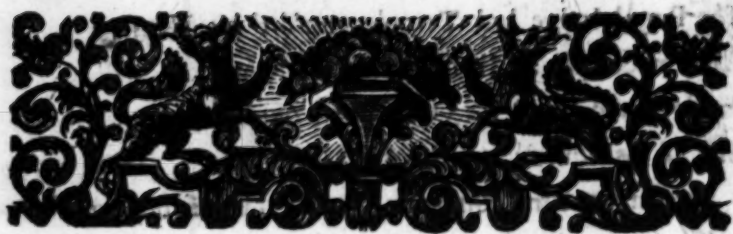
the Earl of Rochester. lxix

The Royal Judge had Temples rear'd t' his Name,
And made him as Immortal as his Fame.
In Love and Verse his OVID he'ad outdone,
And all his Laurels, and his JULIA won.

Mourn, mourn, unhappy World, his loss deplore,
The great, the charming STREPHON is no more.



ON



ON THE
 DEATH
 OF THE
 Earl of ROCHESTER.

By an Unknown Hand



WHAT Words, what Sense, what Night-piece
 can express

The World's Obscurity and Emptiness?

Since ROCHESTER withdrew his vital Beams

From the great *Chaos*, fam'd for high Extreams:

The Hero's Talent, or in Good or Ill,

Dull Mediocrity misjudging still.

Seraphic Lord! whom Heav'n for Wonders meant,

The earliest Wit, and the most sudden Saint.

What

POEMS on the Death, &c. lxxi

What tho' the Vulgar may traduce thy Ways,
And strive to rob thee of thy Moral Praise?
If, with thy Rival *Solomon's* Intent,
Thou sinn'd'st a little for Experiment;
Or to maintain a Paradox, which none
Had Wit to answer, but thy self alone:
Thy Soul flew higher; that strict sacred Tie
With thy Creator, *Time* was to descry.
Thus pregnant *Prophets* us'd uncommon Ways,
Play'd their wild Pranks, and made the Vulgar gaze,
Till their great Message came to be declar'd:
They sin in Types, that sin so unprepar'd:
An unexpected Change attracts all Eyes;
They needs must Conquer, that can well Surprise.
Now, Lechers, whom the Pox could ne'er convert,
Know where to fix a restless rambling Heart.
Drunkards, whose Souls, not their sick Maws, love Drink,
Confound their Glasses, and begin to Think.
The Atheist now has nothing left to say;
His Arguments were lent for Sport, not Prey:
Like Guns to Clowns, or Weapons to rash Boys,
Resum'd again for Mischief, or for Noise.
The Spark cries out, now, e'er he is aware,
(Making an Oath a Prologue to a Pray'r.)
ROCHESTER said 'twas true! It must be so!
He had no Dispensation from below.

Thy

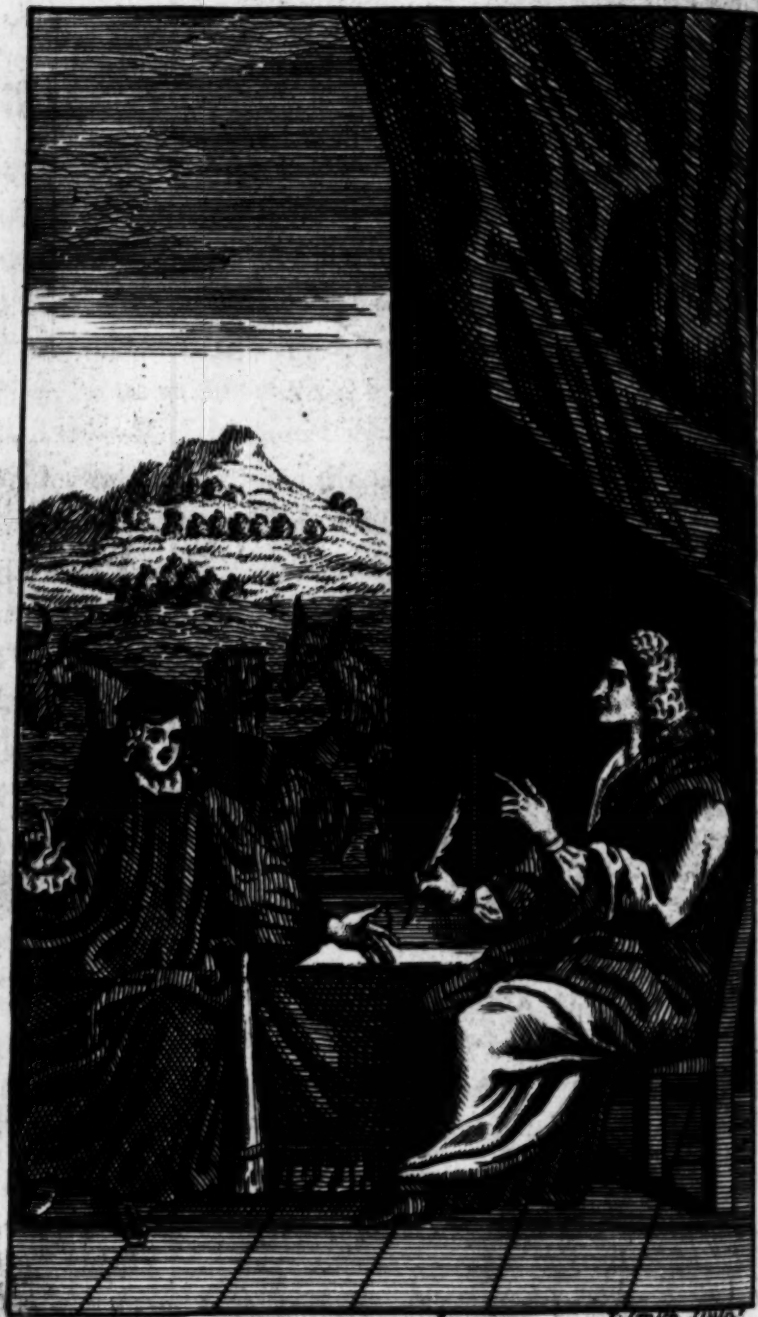
lxxii POEMS *on the Death, &c.*

Thy dying Words (than thousands of Harangues,
 Urg'd with Grimaces, fortify'd with Bangs
 On dreadful Pulpit) have made more recant,
 Than Plague, or War, or Penitential Want.
 A Declaration so well tim'd, has gain'd
 More Profelites than e'er thy Wildness feign'd :
 Mad Debauchees, whom thou didst but allure
 With pleasant Baits, and tempt 'em to their Cure.
Satan rejoic'd to see Thee take his Part,
 His Malice not so prosp'rous as thy Art :
 He took thee for his Pilot, to convey
 Those easy Souls he spirited away :
 But to his great Confusion saw Thee shift
 Thy swelling Sails, to take another Drift,
 With an illustrious Train, imputed his,
 To the bright Region of eternal Bliss.

So have I seen a prudent *Gen'ral* * act,
 Whom Fate had forc'd with Rebels to contract
 A hated League, fight, vote, adhere, obey,
 Own the vile Cause as zealously as They ;
 Suppress the *Loyal* Side, and pull all down,
 With unresisted Force, that propt the *Crown* :
 But when He found out the propitious Hour
 To quit his *Mask*, and own his *Prince's* Pow'r ;
 Boldly asserted his great *Sov'raign's* Cause,
 And brought *Three* Kingdoms to his *Master's* Laws.

* MONCK.





Lord Rochester's Policies pag. 100. Edmund Spenser



THE
WORKS
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

SATIRE *against* MAN.

WERE I (who to my Cost, already am
One of those strange prodigious Creatures, MAN)
A Spirit free to chuse, for my own Share,
What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear,
I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear* ;
Or any Thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being *Rational*.
His Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A *sixth*, to contradict the other five;
And before certain Instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty Times for one does err.

B

Reason

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature (Sense) behind,
Pathless and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thro' *Error's* fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes;
Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain
Mountains of Whimsies heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls head-long
down

Into *Doubt's* boundless Sea; where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with *Bladders* of *Philosophy*;
In Hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light,
The Vapour dances in his dazzling Sight,
'Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Then old Age and Experience, hand-in-hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a Search so painful and so long,
That, all his Life, he has been in the Wrong.
Huddled in Dirt, the *Reasoning* Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch.
His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
Aiming to know what World he should enjoy;
And *Wit* was his vain frivolous Pretence,
Of pleasing others at his own Expence:
For *Wits* are treated just like common *Whores*,
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.
The Pleasure past, a threat'ning Doubt remains,
That frights th'Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.

Earl of ROCHESTER.

3

Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
Pleasure allures; and when the Fops escape,
'Tis not that they're below'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at least they hate.

BUT now, methinks, some formal Band and Beard
Takes me to Task: Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then, by your Favour, any Thing that's writ
Against this gibing, jingling Knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly; but take you Care,
Upon this Point, not to be too severe.
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this Part;
For I profess I can be very smart
On Wit, which I abhor with all my Heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp Essay;
But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another Way.
What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
To make you rail at Reason and Mankind?
Bless'd, glorious Man to whom alone kind Heav'n
An everlasting Soul has freely giv'n;
Whom his great Maker took such Care to make,
That from himself he did the Image take,
And this fair Frame in shining Reason dress'd,
To dignify his Nature above Beast.
Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,
We take a Flight beyond material Sense;*

*Dive into Mysteries; then, soaring, pierce
The flaming Limits of the Universe;
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.*

HOLD, mighty Man, I cry, all this we know
From the pathetic Pen of *Ingelo*; *
† From *Patrick's Pilgrim*, *Stillingfleet's Replies*;
And 'tis this very Reason I despise;
This supernat'ral Gift, that makes a *Mite*
Think he's the Image of the *Infinite*;
Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,
To the *Eternal*, and the *Ever-bless'd*.
This busie puzzling Stirrer up of Doubt,
That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out;
Filling with frantick Crowds of thinking Fools,
Those rev'rend *Bedlams*, *Colleges*, and *Schools*;
Borne on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
The Limits of the boundless Universe;
So charming Ointments make an old *Witch* fly,
And bear a crippled Carcass thro' the Sky.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose Bus'ness lies
In *Nonsense* and *Impossibilities*.
This made a whimsical *Philosopher*
Before the spacious *World* his *Tub* prefer;

And

* *Dr. Ingelo wrote a religious Romance, called, Bentivoglio and Urania.*

† *Bishop Patrick, after Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, wrote, The Parable of the Pilgrim: A much inferior Performance.*

And we have modern *cloister'd Coxcombs*, who
 Retire to Think, 'cause they have Nought to do:
 But Thoughts are giv'n for Action's Government;
 Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.
 Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness;
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.
 Thus whilst against *false Reas'ning* I inveigh,
 I own *right Reason*, which I would obey;
 That *Reason* which distinguishes by *Sense*,
 And gives us Rules of *Good* and *Ill* from thence;
 That bounds *Desires* with a reforming Will,
 To keep 'em more in *Vigour*, not to kill.
 Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps to enjoy;
 Yours would renewing Appetites destroy:
 My *Reason* is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
 Hunger calls out, my *Reason* bids me eat;
 Perversely yours your Appetite does mock,
 This asks for Food, that answers, *What's a Clock* for?
 This plain *Distinction*, Sir, your *Doubts* secures;
 'Tis not *true Reason* I despise, but *yours*.
 Thus I think *Reason* righted; but for *Man*,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend *him* if you can;
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident, *Beasts* are, in their Degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than *He*.
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Jowler* finds and kills his Hare,
 Better than *MERRA* supplies Committee-Chair s

Tho' one's a *Statesman*, t'other but a *Hound*,
JOWLER, in Justice, will be wiser found.
You see how far *Man's* Wisdom here extends ;
Look next, if *human Nature* makes Amends,
Whose Principles most gen'rous are, and just,
And to whose Morals you would sooner trust.
Be Judge yourself, I'll bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, *Man* or *Beast*.
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey;
But savage Man alone, does Man betray.
Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food ;
Man undoes Man, to do himself no Good.
With 'Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want :
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays ;
With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.
For Hunger, or for Love, they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear ;
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid ;
From Fear to Fear successively betray'd.
Bale Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame ;
That Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he durst be brave ;
To which his various Projects are design'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind ;
For which he takes such Pains to be thought wise,
And screws his Actions in a forc'd Disguise,

Leading

Leading a tedious Life in Misery,
 Under laborious mean Hypocrisy.
 Look to the Bottom of this vast Design,
 Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory join;
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
 'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure.
 Merely for Safety after Fame we thirst;
 For all Men would be Cowards, if they durst;
 And Honesty's against all common Sense;
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defense.
 Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair
 Amongst known Cheats to play upon the Square,
 You'll be undone. ———
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave:
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who durst be less a Villian than the rest,
 Thus, Sir, you see what human Nature craves;
 Most Men are *Cowards*, all Men should be *Knaves*.
 The Difference lies (as far as I can see)
 Not in the Thing itself, but the Degree;
 And all the Subject-Matter of Debate,
 Is only, Who's a *Knave of the first Rate*?

ALL this with Indignation have I hurl'd
 At the pretending Part of the proud World,
 Who, swoln with selfish Vanity, devise
 False Freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lies,
 Over their Fellow-Slaves to tyrannize.

BUT if in Court so just a Man there be,
 (In Court a just Man! yet unknown to me,)
 Who does his needful Flattery direct,
 Not to oppose and ruin, but protect;
 Since Flattery, which Way soever laid,
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade;
 If so upright a Statesman you can find,
 Whose Passions bend to his unbiass'd Mind;
 Who does his Arts and Policies apply
 To raise his Country, not his Family;
 Nor while his Pride known Avarice withstands,
 Receives *Aureal* Bribes from Friends corrupted Hands.

Is there a *Churchman*, who on God relies,
 Whose Life his Faith and Doctrine justifies?
 Not one, blown up with vain Prelatic Pride,
 Who, for Reproof of Sins, does Man deride;
 Whose envious Heart makes Preaching a Pretence,
 With his obstrep'rous saucy Eloquence,
 To chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense;
 Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lies,
 More bitter Railings, Scandals; Calumnies,
 Than at a Gossiping are thrown about,
 When the good Wives get drunk, and then fall out;
 None of the sensual Tribe, whose Talents lie
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloth, and Gluttony;
 Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives;
 Whose Lust exalted, to that Height arrives,
 They act Adultery with their own Wives;

And

And e'er a Score of Years compleated be,
Can from the lofty Pulpit proudly see
Half a large Parish their own Progeny.
Nor doating BISHOP, who would be ador'd
For domineering at the Council Board;
A greater Fop in Business at Fourscore,
Fonder of serious Toys, affected more
Than the gay glitt'ring Fool at Twenty proves,
With all his Noise, his taudry Cleaths, and Gloves.

BUT a meek humble Man, of honest Sense,
Who, preaching Peace, does practise Continence;
Whose pious Life's a Proof he does believe
Mysterious Truths, which no Man can Conceive.

If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,
I'll here recant my Paradox to them,
Adore those Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,
And with the Rabble-World their Laws obey:
If such there are, yet grant me *this at least,*
Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.





HORACE's Tenth SATIRE of the
First Book imitated.

*Nempe incompósito dixi pede currere versus
Lucili.*

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted, I said DRYDEN's Rhimes
Were stol'n, unequal, nay, dull many Times.
What foolish Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial, to deny me this ?
But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
With *Wis* and *Learning*, justly please the Town,
In the same Paper I as freely own :
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy Mass,
That stuffs up his loose Volumes, must not pass ;
For, by that Rule, I might as well admit
Crown's tedious Scenes for *Poetry* and *Wis*.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your *false Sense*
Hits the *false Judgment* of an Audience
Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Croud,
'Till the throng'd Play-House crack with the dull Load
Tho' ev'n that Talent merits in some Sort,
That can divert the *Rabble* and the *Court*;

Which

Which *blund'ring* SETTLE never could attain,
 And *puzzling* OTWAY labours at in vain.*
 But within due Proportion circumscribe
 Whate'er you write, that with a flowing Tide
 The Stile may rise; yet in its Rise forbear
 With Useless Words t'oppress the weary'd Ear.
 Here be your Language lofty; there more light;
 Your *Rhet'ric* with your *Poetry* unite;
 For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the Force
 Of Epithet; 'twill soften the Discourse:
 A *Jest* in *Scorn* points, out and hits the Thing
 More home, than the morosest Satire's Sting.
 SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON did in *this* excel,
 And might herein be imitated well;
 Whom refin'd ETHEREGE copies not at all,
 But is himself a mere *Original*:
 Nor that *slow* Drudge in *swift* Pindaric Strains,
 FLATMAN, who COWLEY imitates with Pains;
 And rides a *jaded Muse* whipt with *loose* Reins.
 When LEE makes *temp'rate* SCAPIO fret and rave,
 And HANNIBAL a *whining am'rous* Slave,
 I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool
 In BUSBY's Hands, to be well lash'd at School.
 Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true COMEDY,
 But hasty SHADWELL, and *slow* WYCHERLEY,

SHAD-

† His Lordship here alludes only to Mr. Otway's Comedies.

SHADWELL's unfinish'd Work^s do yet impart
 Great Proofs of Force of *Nature*, none of *Art*;
 With just bold Strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing *Great Mastery* with *Little Care*;
 Scorning to *varnish* his *Good Touches* o'er,
 To make the *Fools* and *Women* praise him more.
 But WYCHERLEY earns hard whate'er he gains;
 He wants no *Judgment*, and he spares no *Pains*;
 He frequently excels; and, at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults, than any of the rest.
 WALLER, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With *Force*, and *Fire*, and *Fancy*, unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyric* does excel Mankind.
 He best can turn, inforce, and soften Things,
 To praise great *Conquerors*, and flatter Kings.
 For *pointed Satire* I would BUCKHURST chuse,
 The *Best-good Man*, with the *Worst-natur'd Muse*.
 For *Songs* and *Verses* mannerly obscene,
 That can stir *Nature* up by Springs unseen,
 And, without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen;
 SEDLEY has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a *Resistless Pow'r* impart
 The *Loosest Wishes* to the *Chastest Heart*;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Betwixt declining *Virtue* and *Desire*,
 'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In *Dreams* all Night, in *Sighs* and *Tears* all Day.
 DRYDEN in vain try'd this nice Way of Wit,
 For He, to be a *Tearing Blade*, thought fit;

R

But

But when he would be sharp, he still was blunt,
 To frisk and frolick *Fancy* he'd cry —
 Would give the *Ladies* a Dry-bawdy Bob,
 And thus he got the Name of *Poet Squab*.
 But, to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
 His *Excellencies* more than *Faults* abound;
 Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
 The *Laurel*, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not DRYDEN find ev'n JOHNSON dull,
 BEAUMONT and FLETCHER incorrect, and full
 Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls them? SHAKESPEARE'S *Stile*
 Stiff and affected? To *his own*, the while,
 Allowing all the *Justice*, that his *Pride*
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have Leave impartially
 To search and censure DRYDEN's Works, and try
 If those gross Faults his *Choice Pen* does commit,
 Proceed from Want of *Judgment*, or of *Wit*?
 Or, if his lumpish *Fancy* does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern *Muse*?
 Five Hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
 Prove him no more a *Poet*, than a *Wit*:
 Such scribbling *Authors* have been seen before;
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, forty more,
 Were Things, perhaps, compos'd in Half an Hour.
 To Write, what may securely stand the Test,
 Of being well read over, thrice at least;
 Compare each *Phrase*, examine ev'ry *Line*,
 Weigh ev'ry *Word*, and ev'ry *Thought* refine,

Scorn

Scorn all *Applause* the *Vile Rout* can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken Thing,
 To wish thy Works may make a *Play-House* ring
 With the *unthinking Laughter* and poor *Praise*
 Of *Fops* and *Ladies*, factious for thy *Plays*?
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom,
 From the shrewd Judges in the *Drawing-Room*.
 I've no Ambition on that idle Score,
 But say with BETTY MORRICE heretofore,
 When a *Court-Lady* call'd her BUCKHURST'S Whore:
I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too;
Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.
 Should I be troubled with the PURBLIND KNIGHT, ★
 Who squints more in his *Judgment*, than his *Sight*,
 Picks *silly Faults*, and censures what I write?
 Or when the *Poor-fed Boats* of the Town,
 For *Scraps* and *Coach-Room* cry my Verses down?
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
 If SEDLEY, SHADWELL, SHEPHARD, WYCHERLY,
 GODOLPHIN, BUTLER, BUCKHURST, BUCKINGHAM,
 Or some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my Sense; I count their *Censure* Fame.



An Imitation of the First SATIRE
of JUVENAL:

Semper ego Auditor tantum ? —

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit,
Perplex'd with *Fools*, who still believe they've
Wit?

Must I find ev'ry Place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
Must I meet HENNINGHAM where'er I go,
ARP, ARRAN, Villain FRANCK, nay, POULT'NEY too?
Shall HEWET pertly crawl from Place to Place,
And scabby VILLERS for a Beauty pass?
Shall HOWE and BRANDON Politicians prove,
And SUTHERLAND presume to be in Love?
Shall pimping DENCOURT patient Cuckolds blame,
LUMLEY and SAVAGE 'gainst the Pope disclaim?
Who can abstain from *Satire* in this Age?
What Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage.

Some

R

16 *The WORKS of the*

Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise;
 But none's made Great for being Good or Wise.
 Deserve a Dungeon, if you would be Great;
 Rogues always are our *Ministers of State*;
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
 With *England's* wretched *Queen* must equal sit.
 RANELAUGH and fearful MULGRAVE are prefer'd;
 Virtue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 May I ne'er be like these, I'll ask no more;
 I would not be the Men, to have their Pow'r.
 Who'd be a *Monarch*, to endure the Prating
 Of NELL and sawcy OGLETHORP, in Waiting?
 Who would SOUTHAMPTON's driv'ling Cuckold be?
 Who would be YORK, and bear his *Infamy*?
 What Wretch would be GREEN's base-begotten Son?
 Who would be JAMES, out-witted and undone?
 Who'd be like SUNDERLAND, a cringing Knave?
 Like *Hallifax* wise, like boorish PEMBROKE brave?
 Who'd be that patient Bardish SHERWSBURY?
 Or who would FRAZIER's chatt'ring MORDAUNT be?
 Who'd be a *Wit*, in DRYDEN's cudgell'd Skin?
 Or who'd be *safe*, and *senseless*, like TOM THYNNE?



SATIRE



SATIRE on the TIMES.

Nobilitas sola atque unica Virtus est.

JUV. SAT. viii.

Virtue alone is true Nobility.

DRYDEN.

NOT Rome, in all her Splendor, could compare
 With those great Blessings happy Britons share;
 Vainly they boast their Kings of heav'nly Race;
 A King incarnate England's Throne does grace;
 Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
 To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave:
 His Justice is thro' all the World admir'd,
 His Word held sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
 No Tumults do about his Palace move,
 Freed from Rebellion by his People's Love.
 Nor do we less in Councils wise prevail,
 As all our late Transactions loudly tell,
 Not only *Prorogations* Good create,
 But th' adjourn'd *Play-House* is a *Coup d'Éclat*.

So

So learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd.
 For Secrets thrifty *Nature* fain would hide,
 In basest Matter often *Spirits* find,
 Which Providence for greater Use design'd.
 But who can wonder at such vast Success?
 OUR CATO, SUNDERLAND, ne'er promis'd less.
 Abroad in Embassy he first was fam'd,
 Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd;
 At Home an humble Creature to her Grace,
 And Mrs. WARD preferr'd him to the Place.

THEN, for *Commanders*, both by Sea and Land,
 (New ones we make, and Old-ones we disband,)
 YORK, who thrice chang'd his Ship, thro' warlike Rage,
 And MONMOUTH, who's the *SCIPIO* of the Age,
 The first, Lord Admiral, but more renown'd,
 For Pox and Popery than public Wound.
 This is the Man, whose Vice each *Satire* feeds;
 And for whom no One Virtue intercedes;
 Destin'd for *England's* Plague; from infant Time,
 Curs'd with a Person Foulter than his Crime.
 But mightier Things than these do still remain:
 PLYMOUTH, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
 And did by HEWIT's Fall, immortal Honour gain.

So, *Mouse* and *Frog* came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield.
 Their famous *Billet-Doux* and Duel, prove
 Them both as fit for Combat, as for Love.

Amongst

Earl of ROCHSETER.

19

Amongst all these, 'twere not amiss to name
POULTNEY, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave Fame.

NOR do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn.
Than Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born.
Romantic MORDAUNT, who in *empty* Lines
His happier Rival tediously defines ;
That well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the *Tartar* to be catch'd by *Boys* :
But his chief Talent is in *Histories*,
Which of *himself* he tells, and always lies.
DAINCOURT would fain be thought both Wit and Bully,
But Punk-rid RADCLIFFE's not a greater Cully,
Nor taudry ISHAM, intimately known
To all pox'd Whores, and famous Rooks in Town.

No *Ladies*, my respectful Muse will name ;
She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.
Safe may they live, who faithful are, and kind :
But may lewd Scowlers no Redemption find.
May Young and Old incessantly give Thanks
For that bless'd Nurs'ry of Intrigue, *Mill-Banks*.
May *Leister-Fields* repair their *Matron's* Fall,
But still subscribe in *Feasts of Love* to th' *Mall*,
And Mrs. STAFFORD yield to BETTY HALL.



A SATIRE

Which the KING took out of
his Pocket.

PReserv'd by Wonder in the *Oak*, O CHARLES!
And then brought in by Trick of ALBEMARLE'S:
The first by *Providence*, the next all *Devil*,
Shews thou'rt a Compound both of *Good* and *Evil*;
The *Bad* we've too-long known, the *Good's* to come,
But not expected till the *Day of Doom*.
Was ever *Prince's* Soul so meanly poor.
To be a Slave to ev'ry little Whore?
The Seaman's Needle nimbly points the Pole;
But thine still turns to ev'ry craving Hole;
Which, *Wolf-like*, in that Breast raw Flesh devours,
And must be fed all Seasons, and all Hours.
—— is the Mansion-House where thou dost dwell;
But thou art fix'd as *Tortoise* to her Shell,
Whose Head peeps out a little now and then,
To take the Air, and then creeps in again.

Strong

Strong is thy Lust; in — thou'rt always Diving,
And I dare say thou pray'st to die a S —

How poorly squander'st thou thy S — away;
Who should'st get Kings for Nations to obey.
But thou, poor *Prince*, so uselessly hast sown it,
That the *Creation* is ashamed to own it.
Witness the Royal Heirs, sprung from the Belly
Of thy anointed *Princess*, Madam NELLY,
Whose first Employment was, with open Throat,
To cry *Fresh-Herrings*, even *Ten a Groat*.
Then, was by Madam Ross expos'd to Town;
I mean to those who would give *Half a Crown*:
Next in the *Play-House* she took her Degree;
As *Men* commence at *University*,
No *Doctors*, till they've *Masters* been before;
So she no *Player* was, 'till first a *Whore*.
Look back, and see the *People* mad with Rage,
To see the Bitch in such an Equipage;
And ev'ry Day that *they* the Monster see,
They let ten thousand Curses fly at Thee:
Aloud in public Streets they use Thee thus,
And none dare check 'em, they're so numerous.
Stopping the *Bank* in Thee was only Great,
But in a Subject it had been a Cheat.
To pay thy Debts, what Sum can'st thou advance,
Now thy *Exchequer* is remov'd to *France*;
T' enrich a Harlot all made up of *French*,
Not worthy to be call'd a *Whore*, but *Wench*?

22 *The WORKS of the*

CLEVELAND indeed deserves that NOBLE Name,
 Whose monst'rous Letchery exceeds all *Fame* ;
 The Empress MESSALINE was cloy'd with Lust at last,
 But you could never satisfy this Letch'rous Beast ;
 CLEVELAND, I say, is much to be admir'd,
 Altho' she ne'er was satisfy'd, or tir'd:
 Full forty Men a Day provided for this Whore,
 Yet, like a Bitch, she wags her Tail for more.
 Where are the *Bishops* now? where is their *Bawdy Court*?
 Instead of *Penance*, they *indulge* the Sport ;
 For standing in *White Sheets* their Courage cools,
 And's only fit for *Frenchmen*, and for Fools.
 O Heav'ns! wer't thou for this loose Life preserv'd?
 Are there no *Gods* nor *Laws* to be observ'd?
Nineveh repented after *forty Days* ;
 Be yet a KING, and wear the Royal Bays:
 But JONAH's Threats will ne'er awaken Thee ;
Repentance is too *mean* for Majesty.
 Go, practise HELIOGABALUS's Sin,
 Forget to be a *Man*, and learn to *spin*.
 Go, dally with the *Women* at their *Wheels*,
 'Till NERO-like, they pull thee out by th' *Heels*.
 Go, read what MAH'MET did, (that was a Thing
 Did well become the Grandeur of a King.)
 Who all transported with his *Mistress's* Charms,
 And never pleas'd, but in her lovely Arms,
 Yet, when his *Fanizaries* wish'd her Dead,
 With his own Hand cut off IRRENE's Head.

Make

Make such a Practice with thy self as this,
Then thou may'st once more taste of Happiness;
Each one will love Thee, and the *Parliament*
Will their unkind and stubborn *Votes* repent,
And at your Feet lay open all their Purfes,
And give you all their Prayers; unmix'd with Curses;

ALL this I wish, altho' I'm not your Friend,
Till, like a Child, you promise to amend;
If not, you'll find your Subjects rugged Stuff;
But, now I think on't, *I have said enough.*



The



*The SATIRE on the KING, for
which he was banished the COURT;
and turned MOUNTEBANK:*

IN the Isle of *Great Britain*, long since famous known
For breeding the best — in *Christendom*,
There Reigns, and there, long may he Reign and Thrive,
The easiest *Prince*, and best-bred *Man* alive ;
Him, no *Ambition* moves to seek *Renown*,
Like the *French Fool*, to wander up and down, }
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,
His *Scepter* and his — are of a Length ;
And she that plays with *One*, may sway the *Other*,
And make him little wiser than his *Brother*.
I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones they sit on,
From the *Hector* of *France*, to the *Cully* of *Briton*.
Poor *Prince* ! thy — like the Buffoons at Court,
It governs Thee, because it makes thee Sport.
Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life, lies on't,
'Twill break through all, to make its Way to —
Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry *Monarch*, scandalous, and poor.

To *Carewell*, the most dear of all thy Dears;
 The sure Relief of thy declining Years;
 Oft he bewails his Fortune, and her Fate,
 To love so well, and to be lov'd so late.
 For when in her he settles well his T—,
 Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an A—.
 This you'd believe, had I but Time to tell ye,
 The Pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,
 While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips, and Thighs,
 E'er she can raise the *Member* she enjoys.





TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

A SATIRE.

AT Five this Morn, when PHOEBUS rais'd his Head
 From THETIS' Lap, I rais'd myself from Bed;
 And mounting Steed, I trotted to the WATERS,
 The Rendezvous of Fools, Buffoons, and Praters,
 Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.
 My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
 To undertake the Dose that was prescrib'd;
 But turning Head, a sudden cursed Crew
 That innocent Provision overthrew,
 Did, without drinking, make me purge and spew.
 From Coach and Six a THING unweildy roll'd,
 Whom Lumber-Cart more decently would hold;
 As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
 But handled, prov'd a mere Sir NICH'LAS CULLY;
 A bawling Fop, a nat'ral NOKES, and yet
 He dar'd to *Censure*, to be thought a *Wit*.
 To make him more ridiculous, in spight,
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight.
 How wise is *Nature*, when she does dispense
 A large Estate, to cover Want of Sense!



Funbridge Wells pag. 96. In Smith Sculp.

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The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no Matter;
 For he's a mighty Wit with those that flatter;
 But a poor Blockhead is a wretched Creature.
 Tho' he alone was dismal Sight enough,
 His Train contributed to set him off,
 All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff;
 No Spleen or Malice cou'd on them be thrown,
 Nature had done the Bus'ness of Lampoon,
 And in their Looks their Characters were shown.
 Endeavouring this irksome Sight to baulk,
 And a more irksome Noise, their silly Talk,
 I silently slunk down to th' lower Walk.
 (But often, when we would *Charybdis* shun,
 Down upon *Seylla* 'tis our Fate to run:)
 For there it was my curst Luck to find
 As great a Fop, tho' of another Kind.
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in *Spanish* Guise;
 The Buckram Puppet never stirr'd his Eyes;
 But grave as Owl it look'd, as Woodcock wise;
 He scorns the empty Talk of this mad Age,
 And speaks all Proverb, Sentence, and Adage;
 Can with as much Solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
 Master of Ceremonies, yet can't dispense
 With the Formality of talking Sense.
 From hence unto the upper Walk I ran,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
 A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Fit Company for none beside themselves,

C. 2.

Were

In the Repository of the
 & Her Majesty's Books, containing
 the Manuscripts of the
 & the Papers of the

Were got together; each his Distemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; some were so bold
 To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease lay Infamy.
 But none had Modesty enough to explain
 His Want of Learning, Honesty, or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train.
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 And saucily pretend Commissions given:
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command
 Seldom extends beyond ten Miles of Land,
 Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,
 He'd find but small Effects of such a Message.
 Liff'ning, I found the Top of all this Rabble,
 Pert * *Bayes*, with his *Importance* comfortable.
 He being rais'd to an Arch-Deaconry,
 By trampling on Religion, Loyalty, †
 Was grown so great, and look'd too fat and jolly
 To be disturb'd with Care and Melancholy;
 Tho' *Marvell* had enough expos'd his Folly: ‡
 He drank to carry off some old Remains
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins;
 Let him drink on; it is not a whole Flood
 Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good.

* Dr. Parker, afterwards, Bishop of Oxford.

† He writ a Book, entitl'd, Religion and Loyalty.

‡ In His Rehearsal Transpos'd.

* Importance drank too, tho' she'ad been no Singer,
To wash away some Dregs he had spow'd in her.
Next after these, a fulsome Irish Crew
Of silly Macks were offer'd to my View;
The Things did talk, but hearing what they said,
I hid myself the Kindness to evade.
Nature had plac'd these Wretches beneath Scorn,
They can't be call'd so vile as they are born.
Amidst the Crowd I next myself convey'd.
For now there comes, White-Wash and Paint being laid,
Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
And 'Squire, with Wig and Pantaloon display'd.
But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
For a true Medley, with this Herd compare.
Here, Lords, Knights, 'Squires, Ladies, and Countesses,
Chandlers, and barren Women, Sempstresses,
Were mix'd together; nor did they agree
More in their Humours than their Quality.
Here, waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in Hood.
The Would-be-Wit, whose Business was to woe,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn Scrape of Shoe,
Advances bowing, then gently shrugs,
And ruffled Fore-Top into Order tugs;

C 3

And

* Parker excus'd himself, for delaying to answer Marvell, on Account of Matters of a more comfortable Importance, (which prov'd to be Matrimony.) Marvell is very witty upon that Word. See the Rehearsal Transpos'd, Part II.

30 *The WORKS of the*

And thus accosts her; *Madam, methinks the Weather*
Is grown much more serene since you came hither;
You influence the Heav'ns;—but should the Sun
Withdraw himself, to see his Rays out-done

By your bright Eyes, They could supply the Morn,
And make a Day, before the Day be born.

With Mouth screw'd up, conceited winking Eyes,
 And Breast thrust forward, *Lard, Sir, (she replies)*

It is your Goodness, and not my Deserts,
Which makes you shew this Learning, Wit, and Parts.

He, puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
 The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say,

And thus breaks forth afresh; *Madam, Egad,*
Your Luck at Cards last Night was very bad;

At Cribbage fifty nine — and the next Shew,

To make the Game, — and yet to want those two.

G — d D —, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life I saw the like before.

To Pedlar's Stall he drags her, and her Breast,

With Hearts and such like foolish Toys, he drest;

And then more smartly to expound the Riddle

Of all this Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.

Tir'd with this dismal Stuff, away I ran,

Where were two Wives, with Girl just fit for Man,

Short-breath'd, with pallid Lips, and Visage wan;

Some Courtesies pass'd, and the old Compliment,

Of being glad to see each other, spent,

With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,

And one began thus to renew the Talk :

I pray

*I pray, good Madam, if it mayn't be thought
Rudeness in me, what Cause has hither brought
Your Ladyship? She, soon replying, smil'd,
We've got a good Estate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd, these Wells will make a barren
Woman, as fruitful as a Coney-Warren.*

*THE first return'd, For this Cause I am come,
For I can have no Quietness at Home;
My Husband grumbles, tho' we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son;
And She is griev'd with Head-Ach, Pangs, and Throws,
Is full Sixteen, and never yet had Those.
She soon reply'd, Get her a Husband, Madam;
I marry'd 'bout that Age, and ne'er 'ad had 'em;
Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will better bring them down;
And ten to one but they themselves will try
The same Means to increase their Family.
Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery,
Persuaded art to be at Pains and Charge
To give thy Wife Occasion to enlarge
Thy silly Head; for here walks Cuff and Kick,
With brawny Back and Legs, and potent —
Who more substantially can cure thy Wife,
And on her half-dead Womb bestow new Life.
From these the Waters got their Reputation
Of good Assistants unto Propagation.
Some warlike Men were now got into th' Throng,
With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song.*

Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew.
 They were Cadets, that seldom can appear,
 Damn'd to the Stint of Thirty Pounds a Year;
 With Hawk on Fist, and Grey-Hound led in Hand,
 The Dog and Foot-Boy sometimes to command;
 Now having trimm'd a cast-off spavin Horse,
 With three Half-Pence for Guineas in their Purse,
 Two rusty Pistols, Scarf about their Arse,
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presume to swell;
 This goes for *Captain*, that for *Colonel*.

So the *Bear-Garden Ape*, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a *Jackanapes* accounted;
 But is, by Virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the *young Gentleman*.
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is *Man*, that thus,
 In all his Shapes, is so ridiculous?
 Ourselves with Noise of *Reason* we do please
 In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease;
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of *Reason* void, are so of Foppery.
 Faith, I was so asham'd, that with Remorse,
 I us'd the Insolence to mount my Horse;
 For *he*, doing only Things fit for his *Nature*,
 Did seem to *me* by much the wiser Creature.



To all Curious CRITICKS and
ADMIRERS of Metre.

HAVE you not seen the raging stormy Main,
Toss a Ship up, then cast her down again?
Sometimes she seems to touch the very Skies,
And then again upon the Sand she lies,
Or have you seen a Bull, when he is jealous,
How he does tear the Ground, and roars, and bellows?
Or have you seen the pretty Turtle-Dove,
When she laments the Absence of her Love?
Or have you seen the Fairies, when they sing,
And dance with Mirth together in a Ring?
Or have you seen our Gallants make a Puther,
With GRACE the Fair; and, fairer yet, ANNE STURM?
Or have you seen the Daughters of Apollo
Pour down their shining Liquors in a hollow
Cane ———
In spongy Brain, congealing into Verse?
If you have seen all this, then kiss mine Arse.

C 5

Th

* Two Sisters,

† The Nine Muses.

*The Happy NIGHT.**

SINCE now my SYLVIA is as kind as fair,
 Let Wit and Joy succeed my dull Despair.
 O what a Night of Pleasure was the last !
 A full Reward for all my Troubles past;
 And on my Head if future Mischiefs fall,
 This Happy Night shall make amends for all.
 Nay, tho' my SYLVIA's Love should turn to Hate,
 I'll think of this, and die contented with my Fate.

TWELVE was the lucky Minute when we met,
 And on her Bed were close together set;
 Tho' list'ning Spies might be perhaps too near,
 Love fill'd our Hearts ; there was no Room for Fear.
 Now, whilst I strive her melting Heart to move ;
 With all the pow'rful Eloquence of Love ;
 In her fair Face I saw the Colour rise,
 And an unusual Softness in her Eyes ;
 Gently they look, and I with Joy adore,
 That only Charm they never had before.
 The Wounds they made, her Tongue was us'd to heal,
 But now these gentle Enemies reveal
 A Secret, which that Friend would still conceal.
 My Eyes transported too with am'rous Rage,
 Seem fierce with Expectation to engage ;

But

* The late Duke of Buckinghamshire was pleased to own himself the Author of this Poem.

But fast she holds my Hands, and close her Thighs,
And what she longs to do, with Frowns denies.
A strange Effect on foolish Women wrought,
Bred in Disguises, and by Custom taught :
Custom, that Prudence sometimes over-rules,
But serves instead of Reason to the Fools!
Custom, which all the World to Slav'ry brings,
The dull Excuse for doing silly Things.
She, by this Method of her foolish Sex,
Is forc'd a-while me and herself to vex:
But now, when thus we had been struggling long,
Her Limbs grow weak, and her Desires grow strong;
How can she hold to let the *Hero* in?
He storms without, and Love betrays within.
Her Hands at last, to hide her Blushes, leave
The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
My Fierce Assault made with a Lover's Haste,
Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past.

Thus does fond Nature with her Children play;
Just shews us Joy, then snatches it away.
'Tis not th' Excess of Pleasure makes it short,
The Pain of Love's as raging as the Sport;
And yet, alas! that lasts: We sigh all Night
With Grief; but scarce one Moment with Delight.
Some little Pain may check her kind Desire,
But not enough to make her once Retire.
Maids Wounds for Pleasure bear, as Men for Praise;
Here Honour heals, there Love the Smart allays.
The World, if just, would harmful Courage blame,
And this more innocent reward with Fame. Now

Now she her well-contented Thoughts employs
 On her past Fears, and on her future Joys:
 Whose Harbinger did roughly all remove,
 To make fit Room for great, luxurious Love.
 Fond of the welcome Guest, her Arms embrace
 My Body, and her Hands another Place;
 Which with one Touch so pleas'd and proud doth grow,
 It swells beyond the Grasp that made it so;
 Confinement scorns, in any straiter Walls
 Than those of Love, where it contented falls.

Tho' twice o'erthrown, he more enflamed does rise,
 And will, to the last drop, fight out the Prize.
 She like some *Amazon* in Story proves,
 That overcomes the *Hero* whom she loves.
 In the close Strife she takes so much Delight,
 She then can think of nothing but the Fight:
 With Joy she lays him panting at her Feet,
 But with more Joy does his Recov'ry meet.
 Her trembling Hands first gently raise his Head;
 She almost dies for fear that he is dead:
 Then binds his Wounds up with a busy Hand,
 And with that Balm enables him to stand,
 Till by her Eyes she conquers him once more,
 And wounds him deeper than she did before.
 Tho' fallen from the Top of Pleasure's Hill,
 With longing Eyes we look up thither still;
 Still thither our unwear'd Wishes tend,
 Till we that Height of Happiness ascend
 By gentle Steps; th' Ascent itself exceeds
 All Joys, but that alone to which it leads:

First

First then, so long and lovingly we kiss,
 As if, like Doves, we knew no dearer Bliss.
 Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
 While groping Hands are pleas'd no less than they.
 Thus cling'd together, now a-while we rest,
 Breathing our Souls into each other's Breast;
 Then give a gen'ral Kifs of all our Parts,
 While this best Way we make Exchange of Hearts.
 Here would my Praise, as well as Pleasure, dwell;
 Enjoyment's self I scarcely like so well:
 The little this comes short of Rage and Strength,
 Is largely recompenc'd with endless Length.
 This is a Joy would last, if we could stay;
 But Love's too eager to admit Delay,
 And hurries us along so smooth a Way.
 Now, wanton with Delight, we nimbly move
 Our pliant Limbs, in all the Shapes of Love;
 Our Motions not like those of gamefome Fools,
 Whose active Bodies shew their heavy Souls:
 But Sports of Love, in which a willing Mind
 Makes us as able, as our Hearts are kind:
 At length, all languishing, and out of Breath,
 Panting, as in the Agonies of Death,
 We lie entranc'd, 'till one provoking Kiss
 Transports our ravish'd Souls to Paradise.
 O Heaven of Love! thou Moment of Delight!
 Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee Right.
 Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms,
 And fast lock'd up within her Legs and Arms;
 Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on Fire,
 Just lab'ring in the Pangs of fierce Desire.

At once, like Misers, wallowing in their Store,
In full Possession, yet desiring more.

Thus with repeated Pleasures, while we waste
Our happy Hours that like short Minutes pass,
To such a Sum of Bliss our Joys amount,
The Number now becomes too great to count.
Silent, as Night, are all sincerest Joys,
Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.
But now at last, for Want of farther Force,
From Deeds, alas! we fall into Discourse;
A Fall, which each of us in vain bemoans;
A greater Fall than that of Kings from Thrones.
The Tide of Pleasure flowing now no more,
We lie like Fish left gasping on the Shore;
And now, as after fighting, Wounds appear,
Which we in Heat did neither feel, nor fear:
She, for her sake, intreats me to give o'er,
And yet, for mine, would gladly suffer more.
Her Words are coy, while all her Motions woo,
And, when she asks me, if it please me too,
I rage to shew how well, but 'twill not do.

Thus would hot Love run itself out of Breath,
And wanting Rest, find it too soon in Death;
Did not wise Nature with a gentle Force,
Restrain its Rage, and stop its headlong Course:
Indulgently severe, she well does spare
This Child of hers, that most deserves her Care.

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The Imperfect ENJOYMENT.

FRUITION was the Question in Debate;
Which like so hot a Casuist I state,
That she my Freedom urg'd as my Offence,
To teach my Reason to subdue my Sense;
But yet this angry Cloud, that did proclaim
Vollies of Thunder, melted into Rain;
And this adu't rate Stamp of seeming nice,
Made feigned Virtue but a Bawd to Vice;
For, by a Compliment that's seldom known,
She thrusts me out, and yet invites me Home;
And these Denials, but advance Delight,
As Prohibition sharpens Appetite;
For the kind Curtain raising my Esteem,
To wonder at the Opening of the Scene,
When of her *Breast* her *Hands* the Guardians were,
Yet I salute each *fallen OFFICER*;
Tho', like the flaming Sword before my Eyes,
They block the Passage to my Paradise;
Nor could those Tyrant-Hands so guard the Coin,
But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin:
For tho' her *Breasts* are hid, her *Lips* are Prize,
To make me rich beyond my Avarice;

Yet

Yet my Ambition my Affection fed,
 To conquer both the *White Rose* and the *Red*.
 Th' Event prov'd true, for on the Bed she fate,
 And seem'd to court what she had seem'd to hate,
 Heat of Resistance had increas'd her Fire,
 And weak Defence is turn'd to strong Desire.
 What unkind Influence could interpose,
 When two such Stars did in Conjunction close?
 Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did foil,
 Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spilt my Oil;
 And that which most Reproach upon me hurl'd,
 Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World,
 Nature's chief Prop, and Motion's primeest Source,
 In me lost both their Figure and their Force.
 Sad Conquest! when it is the Victor's Fate,
 To die at th' Entrance of the op'ning Gate:
 Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
 A common Stock by, we'd improv'd our Trade;
 But as a prodigal Heir, I spent by-th'bye,
 What, Home-directed, would serve her and I.
 When next in such Assaults I chance to be,
 Give me less Vigour, more Activity;
 For Love turns Impotent, when strain'd too high;
 His very Cordials, make him sooner die,
 Evaporates in Fume the Fire too great;
 Love's Chymistry thrives best in equal Heat.

A SATIRE



A SATIRE against MARRIAGE.

HUSBAND, thou dull unpity'd Miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery, and Want;

Sold an eternal Vassal for thy Life,

Oblig'd to cherish and to hate thy Wife:

Drudge on 'till Fifty at thy own Expence,

Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence:

Repeat thy loath'd Embraces ev'ry Night,

Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight:

Christen thy forward Bantling once a-Year,

And carefully thy spurious Issue rear:

Go once a-Week to see the Brat at Nurse,

And let the young Impostor drain thy Purse:

Hedge-Sparrow like, what Cuckoos have begot,

Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot!

Oh! I could curse the Pimp, (who could do less?)

He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.

Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?

Anathemas on him are thrown away.

The Wretch is Marry'd, and hath known the worst.

And his great Blessing is, he can't be curst.

Marriage! O Hell and Furies! name it not;

Hence! hence! ye holy Cheats, a Plot! a Plot!

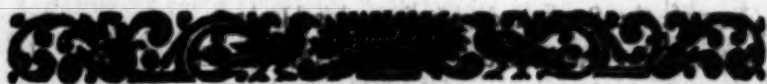
Marriage!

Marriage! 'Tis but a licens'd Way to sin;
 A Noose to catch religious Woodcocks in;
 Or the Nick-Name of Love's malicious Fiend,
 Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.
 'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
 Mis-spender of our Time, our Strength, and Wealth;
 The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
 That we can virtuous, good, or pleasant call.
 By Day, 'tis nothing but an endless Noise,
 By Night the Echo of forgotten Joys:
 Abroad, the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
 At Home, the hourly Breach of what they vow'd:
 In Youth, 'tis *Opium* to our lustful Rage,
 Which sleeps a-while, but wakes again in Age;
 It heaps on all Men much, but useless Care,
 For with more Trouble they less happy are.
 Ye Gods! that Man by his own slavish Law,
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw?
 If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
 Those chalk him out a far more pleasant Way.
 When lusty Youth and potent Wine conspire
 To fan the Blood into a gen'rous Fire,
 We must not think the Gallant will endure
 The puissant Issue of his Calenture.
 Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
 Tho' Nature's Hand-Maid sometimes serves the Turn.
 No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,
 In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench;
 One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits charms.

That

That with new Motion and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise the Soul, and re-enslave his Heart.
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,
 Always begot in Passion, and in Heat.
 But the dull Offspring of the *Marriage-Bed*,
 What is it; but a human Piece of Lead?
 A sottish Lump, engender'd of all Ills,
 Begot, like Cats, against their Father's Wills?
 If it be bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
 The Mother's Fear's intail'd upon the Child;
 Thus, whether illegitimate, or not,
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
 Let no enobled Soul himself debase,
 By lawful Means to bastardize his Race;
 But if he must pay Nature's Debt in Kind,
 To check his eager Passion, let him find
 Some willing Female out; what tho' she be,
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy;
 Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Bawd, or Whore,
 Close-Stool to VENUS, Nature's Common-Shore,
 Impudent, foolish, rotten with Disease,
 The Sunday-Crack of Suburb 'Prentices:
 What then? She's better than a Wife by Half;
 And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
 With Whores thou can'st but venture; what thou'lt lose
 May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost.
 But a damn'd WIFE, b'inevitable Fate,
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.

The



The RESTAURATION : Or, The
History of Infipids. A LAMPOON.

I.

CHASTE, pious, prudent *Charles* the Second,
The Miracle of thy Restauration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation :
The wish'd-for Blessing from Heaven sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

II.

The Virtues in Thee, *Charles*, inherent,
Altho' thy Count'nance be an odd Piece,
Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent,
As e'er was *Harry* with his Cod-piece :
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Grandfire *Harry*, *Charles* exceeds.

III.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused Half a Dozen Wives :
Charles only One resolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never ——— ;
Yet has he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e'er had *Harry* by Threescore.

IV.

IV.

Never was such a Faith's Defender;
 He like a Politick Prince, and Pious,
 Gives Liberty to Conscience tender,
 And does to no Religion tie us;
Jews, Christians, Turks, Papists, he'll please us
 With *Moses, Mahomes, or Jesus.*

V.

In all Affairs of Church or State
 He very zealous is, and able,
 Devout at Pray'rs, and sits up late
 At the Cabal and Council-Table.
 His very Dog, at Council-Board,
 Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

VI.

Let *Charles's* Policy no Man flout,
 The wisest Kings have all some Polly;
 Nor let his Piety any doubt;
Charles, like a Sov'reign, Wise and Holy,
 Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
 And Bishops, those that love a Wench.

VII.

His Father's Foes he does reward,
 Preserving those that cut off's Head;
 Old Cavaliers, the Crown's best Guard,
 He lets them starve for Want of Bread.
 Never was any King endu'd
 With so much Grace and Gratitude.

VIII.

46 The WORKS of the

VIII.

Blood, that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace,
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown!
Since Loyalty does no Man Good,
Let's steal the King, and out-do *Blood*.

IX.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots
(Members, by Name, you must not mention)
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes,
Here with a Place, there with a Pension:
When to give Money he can't collogue 'em,
He does with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.

X.

But they long since, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the Nation,
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give Thee, *Charles*, a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

XI.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Tho' Victories were *Cesar's* Glory;
Lost Battles make not *Pompey* less,
But left him stiled Great in Story.
Malicious Fate does oft devise
To beat the Brave, and fool the Wise.

XII.

XII.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
To have been Sov'raign of the Deep,
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highness gone to sleep:
Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his Waking,
The *Dutch* had else been in sad Taking.

XIII.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
Tho' we paid dear for that Design;
Had we not Three Days parly'ng staid,
The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been Thine:
Tho' the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'em,
He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

XIV.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the *States*,
By *Bergen* Baffle grown more wise;
And made 'em shit as small as Rats,
By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's Surprise:
Had haughty *Holmes*, but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

XV.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
And once, the Navy's wife Division,
Defeated *Charles*'s best Designs,
'Till he became his Foes Derision:
But He had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chatham*,
Had He had Ships but to come at 'em.

XVI.

XVI.

Our *Black-Heath-Host*, without Dispute,
 (Rais'd, put on Board, why! no *Manknows*,)
 Must *Charles* have render'd Absolute
 Over his Subjects, or his Foes:
 Has not the *French King* made us Fools,
 By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools?

XVII.

But, *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
 To run so many sad Disasters?
 To join thy Fleet with false *d'Estrees*?
 To make the *French of Holland* Masters?
 Was't *Carewell*, Brother *JAMES*, or *Tague*,
 That made Thee break the *Triple League*?

XVIII.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreseen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Master;
 The *Wooll-Church-Statue* Gold had been,
 Which now is made of *Alabaster*.
 But wise Men think, had it been Wood,
 Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

XIX.

Those that the *Fabrick* well consider,
 Do of it diversly discourse;
 Some pass their Censure on the Rider,
 Others their Judgment on the Horse.
 Most say, the Steed's a goodly Thing
 But all agree, 'tis a lowd King.

XX.

By the Lord-Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
 Freeman of *London*, *Charles* is made ;
 Then to *Whitehall* a rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the *French* Jade : *
 But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers?

XXI.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City-Fops,
 Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches;
 Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiss your Breeches.
 Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
 You're free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

XXII.

New Upstarts, Bastards, Pimps, and Whores,
 That, Locust-like, devour the Land,
 By shutting up th'Exchequer Doors,
 When there our Money was trappan'd,
 Have render'd *Charles's* Restauration
 But a small Blessing to the Nation.

XXIII.

Then, *Charles*, beware of thy Brother *York*,
 Who to thy Government gives Law ;
 If once we fall to the old Sport,
 You must again both to *Breda*;
 Where, spite of all that would restore you,
 Grown wise by Wrongs, we should abhor you.

D

XXIV.

* *The Dutchess of Portsmouth.*

XXIV.

If, of all Christian Blood, the Guilt
Cries loud for Vengeance unto Heaven,
That Sea by treach'rous *Lewis* spilt,
Can never be by God forgiven :
Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord !
Than Pest'lence, Famine, Fire, or Sword,

XXV.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
Who at his Subjects Cries does dance,
And studies how to make them worse;
To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

XXVI.

Such know no Law, but their own Lust;
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and just,
Still spent and spilt for Subjects Good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

XXVII.

Such Kings! curs'd be the Pow'r and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
Monsters, which Knaves sacred proclaim,
And then, like Slaves, fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

XXVIII.

Then farewell, Sacred Majesty,

Let's pull all brutish Tyrants down;

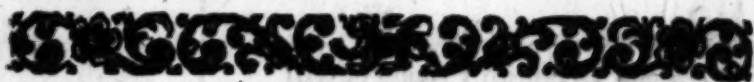
Where Men are Born, and still live Free,

There ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown:

Mankind, like miserable Frogs,

Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.





The YOUNG STATESMEN:
A SATIRE.

I.

CLARENDON had Law and Sense,
CLIFFORD was bold and brave;
BENNET's grave Looks was a Pretence,
And DANBY's matchless Impudence
Help'd to support the Knave.

II.

But SUNDERLAND, GODOLPHIN, LORY,
These will appear such Chits in Story,
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jests,
To be repeated like JOHN DORY,
When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

III.

Protect us, Mighty Providence!
What would these mad Men have?
First they would bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Sense,
And without Pow'r enslave.

IV.

Earl of ROCHESTER

53

IV.

Shall free-born Men, in humble Awe,
Submit to servile Shame?
Who from Consent, and Custom draw
The same Right to be rul'd by Law,
Which Kings pretend to reign.

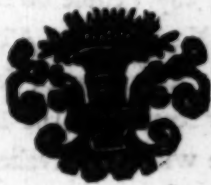
V.

The DUKE shall wield his conqu'ring Sword,
The *Chancellor* * make his Speech;
The KING shall pass his honest Word,
The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford,
And then come kiss my Breech.

VI.

So have I seen a King at Chess,
His Rooks and Knights withdrawn;
His Queen and Bishops in Distress,
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn.

* *Jefferies*.





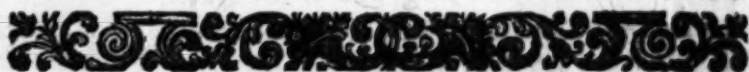
O N T H E
Lord Chancellor HYDE.

Pride, Lust, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
 The Kingdom's Broker, Ruin of the State,
 DUNKIRK's sad Loss, Divider of the Fleet,
 TANGIER's Compounder for a Barren Sheet.
 This Shrub of Gentry, married to the Crown,
 His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down;
 The grand Despiser of the Nobles lies
 Grov'ling in Dust, as a just Sacrifice,
 T'appease the injur'd King and Nation;
 Who would believe this sudden Alteration?
 God will revenge too, for the Stones he took
 From aged *Paul's*, to make a Nest for *Rook*.
 More Cormorants of State, as well as he,
 We shortly hope in the same Plight to see.
 Go on, Great Prince, thy People do rejoice;
 Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
 Applauding this Day's Action to be such;
 As roasting *Rump*, or beating of the *Dutch*.
 Now, look upon the wither'd Cavaliers,
 Who, for Reward, have nothing had but Tears:

Thanks

Thanks to the *Wiltshire* Hog, Son of the *Spittle*,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
Three Millions will be found to make him Chief
Of Sacrilege, Ambition, Lust, and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of *Hyde*;
For which, his due Reward (I'd almost said)
The Nation may most justly claim his Head.





PROLOGUE.

Against the
Disturbers of the Pit.

G Entle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
 Men but despise us, while we but complain;
 Such Numbers are concern'd for the wrong Side,
 A weak Resistance still provokes their Pride,
 And cannot stem the Fierceness of the Tide.
 Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Croud
 Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in ev'ry Corner. Want of Sense,
 Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence,
 Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc'd ill Breeding and false Wit.
 To boast their Lewdness here, young Scow'rs meet,
 And all the vile Companions of a Street,
 Keep a perpetual Bawling at the Door,
 Who beat the Bawd last Night? who bilkt the Whore?
 They snarl, but neither fight, nor pay a Farthing;
 A Play-House is become a meer Bear-Garden,
 Where ev'ry one with Insolence enjoys
 His Liberty and Property of Noise.

Should.

Should true Sense, with revengeful Fire come down,
 Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to save the Town.
 Each Parish is infected; to be clear,
 We must lose more, than when the Plague was here.
 While ev'ry little Thing perks up so soon,
 That at Fourteen it hectors up and down,
 With the best Cheats, and the worst Whores in Town;
 Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School,
 The Foplings must in Time grow up to Rule;
 The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool.
 Some pow'rful Muse, inspir'd for our Defense,
 Arise, and save a little common Sense.
 In such a Cause, let thy keen Satire bite,
 Where Indignation bids thy Genius write;
 Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
 First single out the Beast, then hunt him down;
 Hang up his mangled Carcass on the Stage,
 To fright away the Vermin of the Age.



*In Defense of SATIRE,**By Sir CARR SCROOPE.*

WHen *Shakeſpear, Johnson, Fletcher*, rul'd the Stage,
 They took ſo bold a Freedom with the Age,
 That there was ſcarce a Knave or Fool in Town,
 Of any Note, but had his Picture ſhown.
 And (without doubt) tho' ſome it may offend,
 Nothing helps more than *Satire* to amend
 Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend. }
 Princes may Laws ordain, Priests gravely preach,
 But Poets more ſucceſſively will teach :
 For, as the Paſſing-Bell frights from his Meat
 The greedy ſick Man, that too much would eat;
 So, when a Vice ridiculous is made,
 Our Neighbour's Shame keeps us from growing bad.
 But wholeſome Remedies few Palates pleaſe,
 Men rather love what flatters their Diſeaſe;
 Pimps, Paraſites, Buffoons, and all the Crew,
 That under Friendſhip's Name weak Man undo,
 Find their falſe Service kinder underſtood,
 Than ſuch as tell bold Truths to do us Good;
 Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find
 A Man without ſome Sickneſs of the Mind.
 In vain we Wiſe would ſeem, while ev'ry Luſt,
 Whiſks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Duſt.

HERE,

HERE, for some needless Gain, a Wretch is hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, and slav'd about the World;
While the Reward of all his Pains and Care
End in that despicable Thing, his *Heir*.

THERE a vain Fop mortgages all his Land,
To buy that gaudy Thing, call'd a *Command*;
To ride a Cockhorse, wear a Scarf at's Arle,
And play *Jack-Pudding* in a *May-Day Farce*.

HERE one, whom God to make a *Fool* thought fit,
In spite of Providence, will be a Wit;
But wanting Strength t'uphold his ill-made Choice,
Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise.
There at his Mistress' Feet, a *Lover* lies,
And for a tawdry painted Baby dies;
Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himself has made.
These, and a thousand Fools not mention'd here,
Hate Poets all, because they Poets fear.
Take heed, they cry, yonder mad Dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his Fit;
Come but in's Way, and strait a new *Lampoon*
Shall spread your mangled Fame about the Town.

BUT why am I this Bug-bear to you all?
My Pen is dipp'd in no such bitter Gall.
He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,
Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend;
Who, for the sake of some ill-natur'd Jest,
Tells what he should conceal, invents the rest;
To fatal Midnight-Quarrels can betray
His brave * Companion, and then run away.

Leaving

* I ownes.

Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,
 Then put it off, with some Buffoon Conceit;
 This, this is He, you should beware of all;
 Yet him a pleasant witty Man you call!
 To whet your dull Debauches, up and down
 You seek him, as top *Fidler* of the Town.
 But if I laugh, when your Court-Coxcombs show,
 To see the booty *Sotus* dance *Provee*,
 Or chatt'ring *Porus* from the Side-Box grin,
 Trick'd like a Lady's Monkey new made clean,
 To me the Name of *Railer* strait you give,
 Call me a Man that knows not how to live.

BUT Wenches to their Keepers true shall turn;
 Stale Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands scorn;
 Great Statesmen Flattery and Clinches hate,
 And, long in Office, die without Estate;
 Against a Bribe Court-Judges shall decide-
 The City Knavery, the Clergy Pride,
 E'er that black Malice in my Rhimes you find;
 Which wrongs an honest Man, or hurts a Friend.
 But then, perhaps, you'll say, Why did you write?
 What you call harmless Mirth, the World calls Spite:
 Why should your Fingers itch to have a Lash
 At *Simius* the Buffoon, or Cully *Bash*?
 What is't to you, if *Alidore's* fine Whore
 Lies with some Pop, while he's shut out of Door?
 Consider too, that dang'rous Weapon, Wit,
 Frights a whole Million, when some Few you hit:
 Whip but a Cur, as you ride through a Town,
 And strait his Fellow-Curs his Quarrel own.

Each

Each Knave, or Fool, that conscious of a Crime,
Tho' now he 'scapes, looks for't another Time.

SIR, I confess all you have said is true ;
But who has not some Folly to pursue ?
Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd Battles fights,
When the fifth Bottle had increas'd the Lights.

WARLIKE Dirt-Pies our Hero *Paris* forms,
Which desp'rate *Bessus* without Armour storms.

Cornus, the kindest Husband e'er was born,
Still courts the Spark that does his Brows adorn;
Invites him home to dine, and fills his Veins
With the hot Blood which his dear Doxy drains.

Grandio too, thinks himself a *Beau Garçon*,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down,
And with his saucy Love plagues all the Town;
Whilst pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with *Goswell*, that old Hag, a-bed.

But, should I all the crying Follies tell,
That rouse the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,
I to my Reader should as tedious prove,
As that old Spark *Albanus* making Love,
Or florid * *Roscins*, when with some smooth Flam,
He gravely on the Publick strives to sham.

HOLD then, my Muse, 'tis Time to make an End,
Lest taxing others, thou thy self offend.
The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
Tho' by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

* Mr. Betterton.



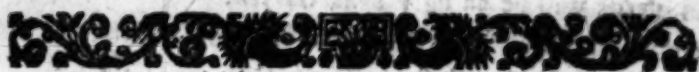
THE
Earl of ROCHESTER's Answer
 To the
 Foregoing SATIRE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain,
 In Satire's Praise, to a low untun'd Strain,
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy Person we most plainly see
 Satyrs are of divine Authority ;
 For God made one of Man, when he made Thee.
 To shew there are some Men, as there are Apes,
 Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in Shapes ;
 In thee are all those Contradictions join'd,
 That make an As prodigious and refin'd.
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's Despite and Nature's Scorn,
 And art grown up the most ungrateful Wight,
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight ;
 Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight.
 Curse on that silly Hour that first inspir'd
 Thy Madness, to pretend to be admir'd,
 To paint thy grisly Face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those aukward Follies that express
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness ;

Who

Who needs will be an ugly *Beau-Garçon*,
 Spit at, and shun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town;
 Where dreadfully Love's Scare-Crow thou art plac'd,
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste;
 While ev'ry coming Maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for Shame, and strait turns Chaste for Fear;
 For none so poor, or prostitute, have prov'd,
 Where you made Love, t'endure to be belov'd.
 'Twere Labour lost, or else I would advise;
 But thy *half* Wit will ne'er let thee be wise:
Half witty, and *half* mad, and scarce *half* brave,
Half honest, which is very much a Knave;
 Made up of all these *Halves*, thou can'st not pass
 For any Thing *entire*, but for an Ass.





A

Panegyrick upon NELLY.

OF a great Heroin I mean to tell,
 And by what just Degrees her Titles swell,
 To Mrs. *Nelly* grown, from *Cinder Nell*. }

Much did she suffer first on Bulk and Stage,
 From the Black-Guard and Bullies of the Age;
 Much more her growing Virtue did sustain,
 While dear CHARLES HART and BUCKHURST su'd in vain.*
 In vain they su'd; curs'd be the envious Tongue,
 That her undoubted Chastity would wrong.
 For, should we Fame believe, we then might say,
 That Thousands lay with her, as well as they :
 But, Fame, thou ly'st ; for her Prophetick Mind
 Foresaw her Greatness, Fate had well design'd ;
 And her Ambition chose to be before
 A virtuous Countess, an imperial Whore.
 E'en in her native Dirt her Soul was high,
 And did at Crowns and shining Monarchs fly ;
 E'en while she Cinders rak'd, her swelling Breast
 With Thoughts of glorious Whoredom was possess'd ;
 Still did she dream (nor did her Birth withstand)
 Of dangling Scepters in her dirty Hand.

But

* Mr. Hart the Player, and Lord Buckhurst.

But first the Basket her fair Arm did suit,
 Laden with Pippins and *Hesperian* Fruit.
 This first Step rais'd, to th' wond'ring Pit she sold
 The lovely Fruit, smiling with Streaks of Gold.
 Fate now for her did its whole Force engage,
 And from the Pit, she's mounted to the Stage:
 There in full Lustre did her Glories shine,
 And, long eclips'd, spread forth their Light divine:
 There HART's and ROWLEY's Soul she did ensnare,
 And made a *King* the Rival to a Play'r.
 The *King* o'ercomes; and to the Royal Bed
 The Dunghill-Offspring is in Triumph led.
 Nor let the Envious her first Rags object
 To her, that's now in tawdry Gayness deck'd;
 Her Merit does from this much greater show,
 Mounting so high, that took her Rise so low.
 Less fam'd that *NELLY was, whose Cuckold's Rage
 In ten Years Wars did half the World engage.
 She's now the darling Strumpet of the Croud,
 Forgets her State, and talks to them aloud;
 Lays by her Greatness, and descends to prate
 With those 'bove whom she's rais'd by wond'rous Fate;
 True to th' Protestant Interest and Cause,
 True to th' establish'd Government and Laws;
 The choice Delight of the whole *Mobile*,
 Scarce MONMOUTH's Self is more belov'd than She.
 Was this the Cause that did their Quarrel move,
 That both are Rivals in the People's Love?

No,

* Helen of Troy.

66 *The WORKS of the*

No, 'twas her matchless Loyalty alone,
That bids Prince *Perkin* pack up and be gone:

Ill-bred thou art, says Prince. NELL does reply,
Was Mrs. BARLOW better bred than I?

Thus sneak'd away the Nephew overcome;
By's *Aunt-in-Law's* severer Wit struck dumb.

HER Virtue, Loyalty, Wit, and noble Mind,
In the foregoing Doggrel you may find.

Now, for her Piety, one Touch, and then
To RYMER I'll resign my Muse and Pen;

'Twas this that rais'd her Charity so high,
To visit those that did in Durance lie;

From Oxford Prisons many did she free,
There dy'd her Father, and there glory'd she,

In giving others Life and Liberty;

So pious a Rememb'rance still she bore

E'en to the Fetters that her Father wore;

Nor was her Mother's Fun'ral less her Care;

No Cost, no Velvet, did the Daughter spare;

Fine gilded 'Scutcheons did the Herse enrich,

To celebrate this Martyr of the Ditch;

Burnt Brandy did in flaming Brimmers flow,

Drunk at her Fun'ral; while her well-pleas'd Shade
Rejoyc'd, e'en in the sober Fields below,

At all the Drunkenness her Death had made:

Was ever Child with such a Mother bless'd?

Or ever Mother such a Child possess'd?

Nor

Nor must her Cousin be forgot, preferr'd
From many Years Command in the Black-Guard,
To be an Ensign; ———
Whose tatter'd Colours well do represent
His first Estate i'th' Ragged Regiment.

Thus we, in short, have all the Virtues seen
Of the incomparable Madam GWYN;
Nor wonder, others are not with her shown;
She who no Equal has, must be *Alone*.



The



THE
Royal ANGLER.

Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
 His pliant *Angle* trembling in his Hand,
 Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man ; nor does he know
 His easy Scepter bends and trembles so ;
 Fine Representative, indeed ! of God,
 Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing-Rod.
 Such was *DOMITIAN* in his *Romans* Eyes,
 When his great Godship stoop'd to catching Flies ;
 Bless us ! what pretty Sport have *Deities*.
 But see, he now does up from *Dutches* come,
 Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd *Gudgeons* Home.
 Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate ;
 But greedily he swallows ev'ry Bait,
 A Prey to ev'ry *King-Fisher* of State ;
 For how he *Gudgeons* takes you have been taught ;
 Then listen now, how he himself is caught.
 So well, alas ! the fatal Bait is known,
 Which *ROWLEY* does so greedily take down ;
 That, howe'er weak and slender be the String,
 Bait it with ——— and it will hold a *King*.
 Almighty Pow'r of Women ! Oh ! how vain
 Are *Salique Laws* ! for you will ever Reign.

Yet

Yet LAWSON, Thou, whose arbitrary Sway,
 Our King must more, than we do him, obey ;
 Who shortly shall of easy CHARLES's Breast,
 And of his Empire, be at once possess'd.
 Tho' it, indeed, appear a glorious Thing,
 Pow'r to command, and to enslave a King.
 Yet, e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
 A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
 Oh! yet consider, e'er it be too late,
 How near you stand upon the Brink of Fate.
 Think who they are, who would for you procure
 This great Preferment, to be made a Whore ;
 Two rev'rend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
 For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *Lory* :
 These, these are they your Fame would sacrifice,
 Your Honour sell, and you shall know the Price.
 My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
 But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine.
 Old *Richmond*, making thee a glorious Punk,
 Shall twice a-Day with Brandy now get drunk.
 Her Brother BUCKINGHAM shall be restor'd,
 NELLY a Countess, LORY be a Lord.
 And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
 Both for his Father's Merit, and his own ;
 For *Dunkirk* first was sold by CLARENDON,
 And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son ;
 A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
 To make Way for the Son to bring a Whore.

PORTSMOUTH's *Looking Glass.*

MEtinks I see you newly risen
 From your embroider'd Bed, and pissing;
 With study'd Mein and much Grimace,
 Present yourself before your Glass,
 To varnish and smooth o'er those Graces,
 You rubb'd off in your Night-Embraces;
 To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
 And all those Charms you conquer with;
 Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
 In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs;
 And nicely chuse, and neatly spread
 Upon your Cheeks the best *French Red*.
 Indeed, for *Whites*, none can compare
 With those you naturally wear,
 And tho' her Highness much delights
 To laugh and talk about your *Whites*,
 I never could perceive your Grace
 Made Use of any for your Face.
 Here 'tis you practise all your Art,
 To triumph o'er a *Monarch's* Heart.
 Tattle, and smile, and wink, and twink on't,
 It almost makes me spew to think on't.

These

These are your Master-Strokes of Beauty,
That keep poor Rowley to hard Duty;
And how can all these be withstood
By frail and am'rous Flesh and Blood?
These are the Charms that have bewitch'd him;
As if a Conjuror's Rod had switch'd him;
Made him he knows not what to do,
But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongst your Ladies and his Chits,
At Cards and Council here he sits;
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares he when 'tis waiking Weather;
Bus'ness and Power he has resign'd,
And all Things to your mighty Mind.
Is there a *Minister of State*,
Or any *Treasurer* of late,
That's fawning and imperious too,
He owes his Greatness all to you;
And as you see just Cause to do't,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us *War and Peace*,
Raise Men, disband them, as you please;
Take away Pensions, retrench Wages,
For Petticoats and lusty Pages;
Contrive and execute all Laws,
Suiting the Judges to the Cause;
Learn'd SCROGGS, and honest JEFFERIES,
A faithful Friend to you, whoe'er is;
He made the Jury come in Booty:
And, for your Service, would hang *Doughty*

You

You govern every Council-Meeting;
 Make the Fools do as you think fisting :
 Your *Royal* Cully has Command,
 Only from you, at second Hand ;
 He does but at the Helm appear,
 Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer,
 And you are the bright *Northern* Star,
 By which they guide this Man of War ;
 Yet, without Doubt, they might conduct
 Him better, was you better —
 Many begin to think of late,
 His Crown and C—ds have both one Date ;
 For as they fall, so falls the State.
 And as his Loins prove loose and weak,
 The Reins of Government must break.





LAIS JUNIOR:

A Pindarick.

I.

LET Antients boast no more
 Their lewd Imperial Whore,
 Whose everlasting Lust
 Surviv'd her Body's latest Thrust;
 And when that transitory Dust
 Had no more Vigour left in Store,
 Was still as fresh and active as before,

II.

Her Glory must give Place
 To one of modern *British* Race,*
 Whose ev'ry daily Act exceeds
 The other's most transcendent Deeds.
 She has, at length, made good,
 That there is human Flesh and Blood,
 Ev'n able to out-do.

All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to

III.

When she has jaded quite
 Her almost boundless Appetite,
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight.
 She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
 As if she fin'd for Exercise;

E

Disabling

* The Dutchess of Cleveland.

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Disabling stoutest Stallions ev'ry Hour ;
And when they can perform no more,
She'll rail at them, and kick 'em out of Door.

IV.

Monmouth and *Car'ndish* droop,
As first did *Henningham* and *Scroop*;
Nay, scabby *Ned* looks thin and pale,
And sturdy *Frank* himself begins to fail;
But Woe betide him, if he does,
She'll set her *Jocky* * on his Toes.
And she shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

V.

Now tell me all ye Pow'rs,
Who e'er could equal this *lowd Dame* of ours ?
Lais herself must yield,
And vanquish'd *JULIA* quit the Field :
Nor can that *Princess*, one Day fam'd
As Wonder of the Earth,
For *Minotaurus*' glorious Birth,
With Admiration any more be nam'd.
Those puny Heroines of History,
Eclips'd by her shall all forgotten be.
Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

* The Dutcheſs's Lap-Dog.



Upon



Upon NOTHING.

I.

Nothing, thou *elder Brother* ev'n to Shade,
Thou had'st a Being e'er the World was made;
And (well fix'd) art alone of Ending not afraid.

II.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive *Nothing* Something strait begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united What?

III.

Something, the nat'ral *Attribute* of All,
Sever'd from Thee, it's sole *Original*,
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r Command,
And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand
Snatch'd *Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air, and Land*.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
By *Form* assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And *Rebel Light* obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.

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VI.

With *Form* and *Matter*; *Time* and *Place* did join;
Body, thy *Foe*, with these did Leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful *Reign*, and ruin all thy *Line*.

VII.

But Turn-coat *Time* assists thy *Foes* in vain,
 And, brib'd by Thee, destroys their short-liv'd *Reign*,
 And to thy hungry *Womb* drives back thy *Slaves* again.

VIII.

These *Mysteries* are barr'd from *Laick* Eyes,
 And the *Divine* alone with *Warrant* pries
 Into thy *Bosom*, where the *Truth* in private lies.

IX

Yet this of Thee the *Wise* may truly say,
 Thou from the *Virtuous* Nothing tak'st away;
 And to be Part of Thee, the *Wicked* wisely pray.

X.

Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the *Wise*
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Did'st thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies*.

XI.

Is, or *Is not*, the two great *Ends* of *Fate*,
 And *True* or *False* the *Subject* of *Debate*,
 That perfect or destroy the vast *Designs* of *Fate*.

XII.

When they have rack'd the *Politician's* *Breast*.
 Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest;
 And when reduc'd to Thee, are least unsafe, and best.

XIII.

XIII.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit
That Sacred *Monarchs* shou'd at Council sit
With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *Nothing* fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains
From Princes *Coffers*, and from Statesmens *Brains*,
And *Nothing* there, like stately *Nothing* reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
For whom the Rev'rend, *Shapes* and *Forms* devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like Thee,
look wise.

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy;
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in Thee.

XVII.

The Great *Man's* Gratitude to his best *Friend*,
Kings Promises, *Whores* Vows, toward Thee they tend,
Flow swiftly into Thee, and in Thee ever end,



A
R A M B L E
I N

St. James's Park.

MUCH Wine had past, with grave Discourse,
Of who — who, and who does worse,
Such as you usually do hear
From them that diet at the *Bear*;
When I, who still take Care to see
Drunkeness reliev'd by Lechery,
Went out into *St. James's-Park*,
To cool my Head, and fire my Heart;
But tho' *St. James* has th' Honour on't,
'Tis consecrate to — and —.
There, by a most incestuous Birth,
Strange Woods spring from the teeming Earth;
For they relate how, heretofore,
When ancient *Piſſ* began to whore,
Deluded all his Assignment,
(Jilting, it seems, was then in Fashion)
Poor pensive Lover in this Place
Wou'd — upon his Mother's Face;
Whence Rows of Mandrakes tall did rise,
Whose lewd Tops — the very Skies.

Each

Each imitative Branch does twine
In some lov'd Fold of ARETINE;
And nightily now beneath their Shade,
Are Bugg'ries, Rapes, and Incests made.
Unto this All-sin shelt'ring Grove,
Whores of the Bulk, and the Alcove,
Great Ladies, Chamber-Maids, and Drudges,
The Rag-Picker, and Heirefs trudges;
Carmen, Divines, great Lords, and Taylors,
Pimps, Poets, 'Prentices, and Jaylors,
Foot-Boys, fine Fops, do here arrive,
And here promiscuously they —
Along these hallow'd Walks it was,
That I beheld CORINNA pass;
Whoever had been by to see
The proud Disdain she cast on me,
Thro' charming Eyes, he wou'd have sworn,
She dropp'd from Heav'n that very Hour,
Forsaking the Divine Abode,
In Scorn of some despairing God.
But mark what Creatures Women are,
So infinitely vile and fair!

THREE Knight's o' th' Elbow and the Slur,
With wriggling Tails made up to her.

THE first was of your *Whitehall* Blades,
Near Kin to th' Mother of the Maids;
Grac'd by whose Favour he was able
To bring a Friend to th' Waiters Table,

Where he had heard Sir *Edward Sutton*
 Say how the King lov'd *Bansted Mutton*;
 Since when, he'd ne'er be brought to eat;
 By's Good-will any other Meat.
 In this, as well as all the rest,
 He ventures to do like the Best :
 But wanting common Sense, th'Ingredient
 In chusing well not least expedient,
 Converts abortive Imitation
 To universal Affectation :
 So he not only eats and talks,
 But feels and smells, sits down and walks;
 Nay, looks and lives, and loves by Rote,
 In an old taudry Birth-Day Coat.

THE second was a *Grays-Inn Wit*,*
 A great Inhabiter of the Pit.
 Where, Critick-like, he sits and *squints*,
 Steals Pocket-Handkerchiefs and *Hints*
 From's Neighbour and the Comedy,
 To court and pay his Landlady.

THE third, a Lady's eldest Son,
 Within few Years of Twenty-one,
 Who hopes, from his propitious Fate,
 Against he comes to his Estate,
 By these two *Worthies* to be made
 A most accomplish'd tearing *Blade*.
 One in a Strain 'twixt *Tune* and *Nonsense*,
 Cries, *Madam, I have lov'd you long since*;

Permit

* Captain Radcliffe.

Permit me your fair Hand to kiss,

When at her Mouth her ——— says *Yes*.

In short, without much more ado,
Joyful and pleas'd away she flew,
And with these three confounded Asses,
From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.

So a proud Bitch does lead about
Of humble Curs the Am'rous Rout,
Who most obsequiously do hunt
The sav'ry Scent of Salt swoln ———
Some Pow'r more patient, now relate,
The Sense of this surprizing Fate,
Gods! that a Thing admir'd by me,
Should taste so much of Infamy?
Had she pick'd out, to rub her A—e on,
Some lusty Clown, or well-hung Parson;
Each Jobb of whose spermatick Sluice
Had fill'd her ——— with wholesome Juice,
If the Proceeding shou'd have prais'd,
In Hope she'd quench'd the Fire I rais'd:
Such nat'ral Freedoms are but just,
There's something gen'rous in mere Lust:
But to turn damn'd abandon'd Jade,
When neither Head nor Tail perswade;
To be a Whore in Understanding,
A passive Pot for Fools to ——— in;
The Devil play'd Booty sure with thee,
To bring a Blot of Infamy.
But why was I, of all Mankind,
To so severe a Fate design'd?

E 5

Ungrateful!

Ungrateful! Why this Treachery
 To humble, fond, believing Me,
 Who gave you Priv'leges above
 The nice Allowances of Love;
 Did ever I refuse to bear
 The meanest Part your Lust cou'd spare?
 When your lewd ——— come spewing Home,
 Drench'd with the ——— of half the Town,
 My Dram of ——— was supp'd up after,
 For the digestive *Surfeit-Water*.
 Full gorged at another Time,
 With a vast Meal of nasty Slime,
 Which your devouring ——— had drawn
 From Porters Backs and Footmens Brawn,
 I was content to serve you up
 My ——— full for your Grace-Cup;
 Nor ever thought it an Abuse,
 While you had Pleasure for Excuse.
 You that cou'd make my Heart away
 For Noise and Colours, and betray
 The Secret of my tender Hours
 To such Knight-Errant Paramours;
 When leaning on your faithless Breast,
 Wrapt in Security and Rest,
 Soft Kindness all my Pow'rs did move,
 And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love.
 May stinking Vapours choak your *Womb*,
 Such as the *Men* you doat upon;
 May your depraved Appetite,
 That could in whiffing *Fools* delight,

Beget

Beget such *Frenzies* in your *Mind*,
 You may go mad for the *North Wind*:
 And fixing all your *Hopes* upon't,
 To have him bluster in your ———
 Turn up your long *A—e* to the *Air*,
 And perish in a wild *Despair*.
 But *Cowards* shall forget to rant,
School-Boys to ———, old *Whores* to paint;
 The *Jesuits Fraternity*
 Shall leave the *Use* of *Buggery*;
Crab-Louse, inspir'd with *Grace* divine,
 From earthy *Cod*, to *Heav'n* shall climb;
Physicians shall believe in *Jesus*,
 And *Disobedience* cease to please us,
 E'er I desist, with all my *Power*,
 To plague this *Woman*, and undo her.
 But my *Revenge* will best be tim'd
 When she is marry'd, that is join'd;
 In that most lamentable *State*,
 I'll make her feel my *Scorn* and *Hate*;
 Pel's her with *Scandals*, *Truth*, or *Lies*,
 And her poor *Cur* with *Jealousies*,
 Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
 While she wines like a *Dog-drawn Bitch*,
 Loath'd and depriv'd, kick'd out of *Town*,
 Into some dirty *Hole* alone,
 To chew the *Cud* of *Misery*,
 And know she owes it all to me.
 And may no *Woman* better thrive,
 Who dare prophane the ——— I ———



BATH Intrigues.

The Argument.

*How Tall-Boy, K — P —, S — P — did contend
For Bridegroom D —, Friend did fight with Friend;
But Man of God, by Laymen called Parson,
Contriv'd, by Turns, how each might rub her A—c on.*

SAY, Heav'n-born *Muse*, for only thou can'st tell,
How Discord dire, between two Widows fell:
What made the fair One, and her well-shap'd Mother,
Duty forget, and pious Nature smother.
Who was most modest, virtuous, or fair,
Was not the Cause of Contest, I dare swear.
Nor Wit, nor Breeding, rais'd this Emulation;
Those Things with them are Trifles out of Fashion.
Great was the Strife rais'd up by envious Fate,
To ruin P — happy Reign and State.

When R — with evil Eye beheld
The three dear Friends, his Heart with Rancour swell'd,

That

That in one House they were, of one Accord,
 Wanton in Bed, and riotous at Board,
 Preferring brawny G — to spiny Lord;
 He vow'd to break this triple League of Love,
 And from their Breasts sweet *Friendship* to remove,
 In a foul Day from bawdy Bath he flies,
 To put in Act his hasted Enterprize.
 I'th' Bow'r of Bliss, where sacred B — dwells,
 There lives a Hag deep read in Charms and Spells,
 Philters and Potions, that by Magick Skill
 Can give an Eunuch Stones, and — its Fill;
 Babes, at her Call, fly from the breeding Womb,
 With Neighbour T — in loathsome Jakes to roam;
 As oft as Finger ——— rape
 The Virgin *Hymen*, she repairs the Gap.
 Fam'd thro' the World for the — mending Trade,
 To her he goes, t' implore her mighty Aid;
 By Men she's call'd the *Mother of the Maids*.
 Hail, worthy Dame, (said he) replete with Grace,
 Mother o' th' Maids, Daughter of Noble Race!
 Whilst Men of God to Betty Blackbourn go,
 Whilst — and Pen with White and Black does flow,
 My lasting Verse shall magnify thy Fame,
 And Melting — adore thy holy Name;
 Therefore dear Mother, lend thine equal Ear
 To my Complaint, and favour my just Pray'r.
 There is a Place, adown a gloomy Vale, *
 Where burden'd Nature lays her nasty Tail;

Ten

* The Bath,

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*Ten thousand Pilgrims thither do resort
 For Ease, Disease, for Luchery and Sport:
 Thither two Beldams, and a jilting Wife,
 Came to ——— off the tedious Hours of Life.
 I, willing to contribute to their Foy,
 Offer'd my Mite to th' young insatiate Toy,
 Who banish'd Luck, 'cause ——— he could not cloy.
 Her upright Dam, K— P—, the wise old Jew,
 Told me, I must twelve Times her Womb bedew,
 E'er her Child S— P— should her Buttocks shew.
 Resolv'd to win (like Hercules) the Prize,
 Twelve Times I scour'd the Kennel 'twixt her Thighs;
 The cheating Filth, at th' twelfth, a dry Bob cries.
 My ——— and I, thus cross-bit, in high Rage
 Appeal'd to th' skilful Sticklers on the Stage;
 With that fair Tall-Boy, and bold S— P— come,
 To squeeze my ———, and pass their final Doom;
 Saying, If one Priapus I could shew,
 One holy Relick of kind pearly Dew,
 I the twelfth Time in K— P—'s A—se did spew.
 To their deciding Test I did submit;
 Priapus squeez'd, a Snow-Ball did emit:
 Yet these Two partial Dames a dry Bob cry,
 Perform your Bargain (Peer) or ——— and die.
 Thus was I rook'd of twelve substantial ———
 By these base stinking over-itching ———
 Your Aid, your Aid, dear Mother, me inspire
 With apt Revenge, to feed my raging Fire.
 The gracious Matron, smiling on him, said,
 Be it as thou desir'st, my dear-lov'd Lad;*

For

For this Abuse, the Rump-fed Rats shall mourn,
'Till slimy —— to grimy A——hole turn.

By her Cave's Mouth a verdant Myrtle grows,
Bearing Love's Trophies on his sacred Boughs:

The Crowns of Kings were offer'd to this Shrine,
D— and M— of the Royal Line;

Fair Ladies Hearts, with mitred P—— transfix'd,
In mystick Manner make the Crucifix.

To th' Tree she leads him, from a Bough pulls down
A mighty Tool, a D—— of Renown;

A D—— long and large as Hector's Lance,
Inscrib'd *Honi soit qui Mal y Pense.*

Knight of the Garter made for's vast Deserts,
As modern Hero was for's monstrous Parts.

THIS, pious Son (said she) nail up in Box,
By Carrier send it these Salt-burning Nocks,
Directed thus: To th' Lady most deserving,
Who's made most Slaves, and kept most — from starving.

O'ER-JOY'D with hop'd Success, away he flies
To Bath, disguis'd, to bear the welcome Prize;

But when they saw the Image of bless'd Man,
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran,

Each for herself to seiz't! No Dog at Deer,
Nor Hawk at Hern, shew'd such a swift Career;

At once they souse on the beloved Prey,
And sworn Friends do engage in mortal Fray.

Old K— P——, dreadful to her Friends and Foes,
Like *Luxembourg*, in Back and Breast-Plate shows,

Gigantick Tall-Boy, famed in the West,
For Cornish Hug, to th' Fight herself address;

Whilst

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Whilst the Child S— P— hop'd to steal away,
By Stratagem, the Glory of the Day.
But all in vain, *Tall-Boy* with one Hand held
Jove's Prize, with th'other crafty S— P— fell'd;
But Looks, nor Menaces, nor crushing Blow,
Cou'd make stout K— P— quit her lov'd D——
Undaunted, she maintain'd a cruel Fight,
For Conquest scratch'd and tore with all her Might.

So have I seen a crump-back *Crab-Louse* stick
With fervent Love to lick creating ———;
The more he pulls, the more the loving Wretch
Does strive to stay, and to each Hair does catch;
'Till murd'ring Man, enrag'd, from ——— tears
The Nock-born Brat, and ends his hopeful Years.
So had it far'd with K— P—, had not Fate,
Sent *Man of God* to end the dire Debate.

*What Rage, what Fury (said he) does ye stir,
To shed the Blood of Saints in cruel War?
How will you make the Mother-Church to mourn,
And to Fanaticks be the publick Scorn?
For Shame, dear Souls, reserve your noble Blood
To spend with Man: Abash'd the Warriors stood,
To see the holy Father in the Place;
But strait on th'Matter putting a good Face,
Thus K— P— spake: To you, O Rev'rend Sir,
The Justness of the Cause I will transfer;
A Cause too great for Laymen vile to try;
Fit for Plus Ultra's deep Divinity;
A Cause for which bless'd Saints above won'd die!*

THE modest Tall-Boy so devout appears,
Tho' stealing —, you'd think she said her Pray'rs;
And tho' she'ad almost won the bloody Field,
With S— P— (Babe of Grace) to this does yield.
The Cause being stated, holy Man does pray
For a Blessing on's Endeavours, then does say:

WHEREAS, sage Matrons, you do all agree
Your Case to yield to my Integrity,
Fitter for general Council, than weak Me;
D ——— a lawful Tool, deny't who can;
I'll prove 'tis made for a Meet-Help for Man;
As unto Rector, Curate is Assistant,
So D ——— to fall'n —, when — has piss'd on't.
But here's the Elect ordain'd for Propagation,
Who trusts in this is bless'd in Generation:
This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom;
Though ne'er so barren, this is sure to help 'em.

THEN pulling out the Rector of the Females,
Nine Times he bath'd him in their piping hot Tails.
Panting, quoth he, Now Peace be on you all;
When I am absent, then on D ——— call;
As those in Holy Church to Image pray,
When wonder-working Saint is out o' th' Way.

THUS all well-pleas'd, to Church away they Go,
To sing *To Deum* for their dear D ———.



ON THE
CHARMS of *Hidden Treasure*.

A PARADOX.

THOU mighty Princess, lovely Queen of Holes,
 Whose Monarchy the bravest Men controule;
 Shut up in awful and majestick State,
 How dost thou make thy poor Adorers wait?
 Reserv'd as *Prefter-John*, as seldom seen
 As the most shyly kept *Sultana* Queen.
 Thou Crown of *Sense*, nay, more Superlative;
 Thou very Quintessence of all the Five;
 No *Civet-Cat* had ever such a Smell,
 Thy Essence does all other Sweets excel.
 How is our Relish by thy Taste increas'd,
 When this one Bit is more than a whole Feast!
 Beauty of Beauties, Darling of the Eye,
 The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by,
 Thou art the Spot of *Cupid's* Archery:
 Whether your ornamental Locks you wear,
 Or go, like *Eastern* Beauties, smooth and bare;
 Whether full-grown the manly Beard appears,
 Or Virgin-Lips show fewer Hairs than Years;

Yet

Yet all true Beauty shines, as on a Throne,
 In her full Splendor, from thy Sight alone.
 To please thy Friends, and to confute thy Foes,
 Thou hast a Mouth beyond fam'd Cicero's;
 A Mouth, whose silent Rhetorick affords
 More strong Perswasives than all Tully's Words.
 'Twas such a Mouth did Paris more convince,
 Than Juno's Power, or Pallas' Eloquence.
 'Twas such a Mouth Achilles did perswade,
 And Hercules, to live in Masquerade,
 Which all the Force of Arms could ne'er have made.
 'Twas such a Mouth taught Anthony to scorn
 The glorious Name to which that Prince was born.
 To such Perswasions mighty Julius gave
 That Crown th'Egyptian Army could not save,
 And of a Conqueror became a Slave.
 Still there remains one Sense, which we may call
 One that is all the rest, is more than all.
 Who can describe thy more than pleasing Touch?
 That is a mighty Task, for me too much,
 Who scarce am known to her of whom I write,
 And had but once the Honour of her Sight.
 None can her charming Virtues duly tell,
 But he who comes inspir'd from her own Well,
 Whose Virtues does all Helicon's excel.

3

3

3

On



ON THE
WOMEN about TOWN.

TOO long the wise Commons have been in Debate
About Money and Conscience, those Trifles of State;
Whilst dangerous Grievances daily increase,
The Subject can't riot in Safety and Peace,
Unless, as against *Irish* Cattle before,
They should now make an Act against *Irish* Whore.
The *Coots* black and white, *Clanbraxil*, and *Fox*,
Invade us with Impudence, Beauty, and Pox;
They carry a Fate, which none can oppose,
The Loss of his Heart, or the Fall of his Nose:
Should we dully resist, yet would each take upon her
To beseech us to do't, and engage us in Honour.
O ye Powers above! who of Mortals take care,
Make *Women* less cruel, more sound, or less fair.
Is it just, cruel Fate with Love should conspire,
And our — be burnt, by our Hearts taking Fire?



A

D R E A M.

’T WAS when the sable Mantle of the Night
Had clos’d the Day, and chac’d away the Light;
’Twas when the *Raven* and the *Owl* begins
To make Mens’ Conscience tremble for their Sins;
Methought I then went armed to my Dear,
Ready to pay what I had promis’d her.
Methought I found her prostrate on her Bed,
Only her Smock cov’ring her *Maidenhead*;
I heav’d it up, sweet Linnen, by your Favour;
I felt, but how my moisten’d Fingers then did savour!
I look’d, and saw the *blind Boy*’s happy Cloister,
Arch’d on both Sides, lie gaping like an Oyster;
I had a Tool before me, which I put
Up to the Quick, and strait the Oyster shut:
It shut, and clung so fast at ev’ry Stroke,
As does the loving Ivy to the Oak;
I thrust it hard, and still was in some Hope;
The Liquor eame, but yet it would not ope;
And then I fainted; but at second Bout
It open’d, and made Way to let me out.
It gap’d, and would have made a dead Man skip
To see it mump, and wag its upper Lip:
Thus I awak’d; mock’d by my lustful Brain,
I felt my Belly wet, and slept again.



To his MISTRESS.

I,

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely Face? O why
Does that eclipsing Hand of thine deny
The Sun-shine of the Sun's enliv'ning Eye.

II.

Without Thy Light, what Light remains in me?
Thou art my Life, my Way; my Light's in Thee;
I live, I move, and by thy Beams I see.

III.

Thou art my Life; if Thou but turn away,
My Life's a thousand Deaths: Thou art my Way;
Without Thee *Love*, I travel not, but stray.

IV.

My Light Thou art; without thy glorious Sight,
My Eyes are darken'd with eternal Night:
My Love, Thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

V.

Thou art my Way; I wander if Thou fly:
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my Life; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

VI.

VI.

My Eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see;
To whom, or whither should my Darkness flee;
But to that Light; and who's that Light but Thee?

VII.

As Thou art All, shine forth, and draw thou nigher;
Let me be bold, and die for my Desire;
A *Phoenix* likes to perish in the Fire.

VIII.

If my puff Life be out, give Leave to join
My shameless Snuff to the bright Lamp of Thine;
Ah! what's thy Light the less, for lighting Mine?

IX.

If I have lost my Path, dear Lover, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful Way?
Love, shall a Lamb of *Israel's* Sheep-fold stray?

X.

My Path is lost, my wand'ring Steps do stray,
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay;
Whom should I seek, but Thee, my Path, my Way?

XI.

And yet Thou turn'st thy Face away, and fly'st me;
And yet I sue for Grace, and Thou deny'st me;
Speak, art Thou angry, Love, or only try'st me?

XII.

Display those heav'nly Lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy lovely Face! Perhaps no Eye
Can view their Flames, and not drop down and die.

XIII.

XIII.

Thou art the Pilgrim's Path, the blind Man's Eye,
The dead Man's Life; on Thee my Hopes rely;
If I but them remove, I surely die.

XIV.

Diffolve thy Sun-Beams, close thy Wings, and stay;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray:
Oh! Thou that art my *Life*, my *Light*, my *Way*!

XV.

Then work thy Will; if Passion bid me flee,
My Reason shall obey, my Wings shall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from Me to Thee.



To the AUTHOR of a Play,
called, Sodom. †

TELL me, abandon'd Miscreant, prithee tell
What damned Power invok'd and sent from Hell,
(If Hell were bad enough) did Thee inspire
To write, what Fiends, asham'd wou'd blushing hear?
Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*,
And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?
Or didst thy Soul by Inch of Candle sell,
To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?
If so, go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
Without 'Press-Money be its Volunteer.
May he who envies Thee, deserve thy Fate,
Deserve both Heaven's and Mankind's Scorn and Hate.
Disgrace to Libels! Foil to very Shame!
Whom 'tis a Scandal to vouchsafe to name.
What foul Description's foul enough for thee,
Sunk quite below the Reach of Infamy?
Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the Might,
And art all over Devil, but in Wit.
Weak feeble Strainer at mere Ribaldry,
Whose Muse is Impotent to that Degree,
It must, like Age, be whipt to Lechery.
Vile Sot, who, clapt with Poetry, art sick,
And void'st Corruption like a shanker'd —:

F

Like

† One Fishbourn, a wretched Scribler.

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Like Ulcers thy imposthum'd, addled Brains
Drops into Matter, which thy Paper stains;
Whence nauseous Rhimes by filthy Births proceed,
As Maggots in some T—d ingend'ring Breed.
Thy Muse has got the F——rs, and they ascend,
As in some Green-sick Girl at upper End.
Sure Nature made, or meant at least to 'ave don't,
Thy Tongue a Cl——ris, thy Mouth a——.
How well a D—— wou'd that Place become,
To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb:
At least it shou'd be syring'd———,
Or wear some stinking Merkin for a Beard,
That all from its base Converse might be scar'd,
As they a Door shut up, and mark'd, beware,
That tells Infection and the Plague is there.
Thou *Moorfields* Author, fit for Bawds to quote,
(If Bawds themselves with Honour safe may do't)
When Suburb 'Prentice comes to hire Delight,
And wants incentives to dull Appetite:
There Punk, perhaps, may thy brave Works rehearse,
F—— the senseless Thing with Hand and Verse,
Which after shall (preferr'd to Dressing-Box)
Hold Turpentine, and Med'cines for the Pox.
Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit
For thy foul nasty Excrements of Wit)
May they condemn'd to th' publick *Fakes* be lent,
(For me, I'd fear the Piles in Vengeance sent,
Shou'd I with them profane my Fundament,)
There bugger wiping Porters when they shite,
And so thy Book itself turn *Sodomite*.

3



*His HIGHNESS's Conversion by Father Patrick.**

Between Father *Patrick*, and's *Highness*, of late
 There hap'ned a *strong* and a *weighty* Debate:
 And RELIGION the Theme; 'Tis strange that they Two
 Should dispute about *that* which neither of them knew;
 For I dare boldly say, had his *Highness* but known,
 The Weakness of *Patrick's*, and the Strength of his own,
 It had been a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To change from a True one, to one that's much worse;
 For if it be true (as some Waggs make us think)
 That a Papist of *all his Five Senses* must *wink*.
 A Man's no more a Man when He's *waking*, than *sleeping*.
 As long as Father *Patrick* has his *Senses* in *keeping*:
 But sure its not *so*, We must *All* be mistaken
 And have liv'd in a *Dream*, and are just now *awaken*.
 For the *Father* was *Mighty* in *Word* and in *Reason*,
 He urg'd not a *Syllable* but came so in *Season*,
 That ev'ry *Argument* was *Stronger* and *Stronger*;
 So the DUKE cry'd at last — *I can hold out no longer*,
 The *Reasons* that mov'd most his *Highness* to yield,
 And so willingly quit to the Father the Field,

F 2

Were

* King JAMES II. when Duke of York.

100 The WORKS of the

*Were first that they cheated, and leave you in the Lurch,
 That told you there could be any More than ONE Church.
 And, next He averr'd to the Duke, for a certain,
 No Foot-steps of Ours could be found before MARTIN. **
*At these Two great Reasons so full and profound,
 The Duke had much ado not to fall in a Swound,
 And strait he cry'd out — Father Patrick, I find,
 (By a sudden Conversion and Change of my Mind.)
 That neither your Wit, nor Learning could afford
 Such Strength to your Cause ; 'twas the Finger of the Lord:
 For now I remember, that somewhere 'tis said,
 From Babes and from Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
 Therefore, I submit, for my Conscience's Ease,
 To be led by the Nose as your Fathership please.
 So ends the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and the Knight,
 In which, to speak Truth, and to do All-sides Right,
 He manag'd this Cause as He did the Sea-Fight.*

* Martin Luther.





On ROME's Pardons:

I.

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,
It is no Sin t' adore and worship Gold.

II.

If they can purchase *Pardons* with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in Time to come,
And for Sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome*.

III.

At this Rate, they are happiest who have most
They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper cost:
Alas, the Poor! all that are so, are Lost.

IV.

Whence came this Knack? or when did it begin?
What *Author* have they? or *Who* brought it in?
Did CHRIST e'er keep a *Custom-House* for Sin?

V.

Some subtle *Devil*, without more ado,
Did certainly this sly Invention brew,
To gull them of their *Souls* and *Money* too.



On a False MISTRESS.

Farewel, *false* Woman! know I'll ever be
 A dumb Man to thy Sex, and dead to *Thee*:
 Thy Breath's infectious, and thy Presence brings
 To me a thousand sharp and bitter Stings.
 Ye Powers Above! why did you Woman make,
 Without an Angel, and within a Snake?
 They're Hell's chief Engines, by the Devil made
 To heighten and enlarge his growing Trade:
 The only Fiend on Earth, the Devil's Friend,
 A thousand Souls to Hell they daily send.
 Methinks I hear the Gods cry out aloud,
 And these black Words came reeling thro' a Cloud:
Beware false Woman, know she first began
To ruin and undo the State of Man.
 Yet, for Revenge, I'll now resolve to be
 A damn'd dissembling Lover, just like *Thee*:
 But all my Business with so vile a Creature,
 Shall be, as Men with Close-stools, to ease Nature:
 Bless'd is the Man, and happy is his State,
 That loves a Woman at no other Rate.



S O N G.

I.

AT the Sight of my *Phillis*, from every Part
A Spring-Tide of Joy does flow up to my Heart,
Which quickens each Pulse, and swells ev'ry Vein,
Yet all my Delights are still mingled with Pain;
So strange a Distemper sure Love cannot bring:
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter Thing;
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me when I lay alone.

II.

But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late,
He's become a more furious Passion than *Hate*;
Since by *Phillis* restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,
He has new-strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts;
And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,
He wounds ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

III.

But my Madness, alas! I too plainly discover;
For he is at least as much Madman, as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty does easily quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit,
The Joys of *Hide-Park*, and the *Mall's* dear Delight,
To live sober all Day, and be chaste all the Night.



S O N G.

I.

MY dear Mistress had a Heart
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
When with Love's resistless Art,
And her Eyes, she did enslave me.

II.

But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild, and apt to wander,
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

III.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Bliss's;
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kisses.

IV.

Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

SONG.



S O N G.

I.

ROOM, Room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes Delight in Roaring,
Who all Day long rambles up and down,
And at Night in the Streets lies snoring.

II.

That for the noble Name of Spark,
Dares his Companions rally;
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then slinks into an Ally.

III.

To ev'ry Female that he meets
He swears he bears Affection;
Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Cheats
By the Help of a kind Protection.

IV.

When he, intending farther Wrongs,
By some resenting Cully,
Is decently run thro' the Lungs,
And there's an End of BULLY.



*Spoken Extempore to a Country Clerk,
after having heard him Sing PSALMS.*

Sternhold and Hopkins had great Qualms
When they translated *David's Psalms*,
To make the Heart full glad;
But had it been poor *David's Fate*,
To hear Thee Sing, and Them translate,
By G—d 'thad made him mad.

*Spoken Extempore, upon receiving a
Fall at Whitehall-Gate, by attempt-
ing to kiss the Dutchess of CLEVEL-
LAND as she was stepping out of her
Chariot.*

BY Heavens! 'twas bravely done,
First to attempt the *Chariot* of the SUN,
And then to fall like PHAETON,



ACROSTICK.

A Knight delights in hardy Deeds of Arms;
Perhaps a Lady loves sweet Musick's Charms.
Rich Men in Store of Wealth delighted be;
Infants love dandling on the Mother's Knee.
Coy Maids love something, nothing I'll express;
Keep the first Letters of these Lines, and guess,

The ENCOURAGEMENT.

'TIS the *Arabian* Bird alone
Lives chaste, because there is but *One*:
But had kind Nature made them *Two*,
They wou'd like *Doves* and *Sparrows* do.

The



The COMMONS PETITION to King CHARLES II.

IN all Humanity we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most Loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES at this Time having no need,
Thanks you as much, as if he did.

The King's EPITAPH.

HERE lies our Sov'raign Lord the King,
Whose Word no Man rely'd on;
Who never said a foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a wise One.



ANACREONTIC.

THE Heavens carouse each Day a Cup,
 No wonder *Atlas* holds them up.
 The Trees suck up the Earth and Ground,
 And in their brown Bowls drink around.
 The Sea too, whom the Salt makes dry,
 His greedy Thirst to satisfy,
 Ten thousand Rivers drinks, and then
 Grows drunk, and spews 'em up again.
 The Sun (and who so right as he)
 Sits up all Night to drink the Sea.
 The Moon quaffs up the Sun, her Brother,
 And wishes she could tope another.
 Ev'ry Thing fuddles: then that I,
 Is't any Reason, should be dry?
 Well, I'll be content to thirst;
 But too much Drink shall make me, first.





S O N G.

I.

INsulting Beauty, you mispend
 Those Frowns upon your Slave ;
 Your Scorn against such Rebels bend,
 Who dare with Confidence pretend,
 That other Eyes their Hearts defend
 From all the Charms you have.

II.

Your conqu'ring Eyes so partial are,
 Or Mankind is so dull,
 That while I languish in Despair,
 Many proud senseless Hearts declare,
 They find you not so killing Fair,
 To wish you Merciful.

III.

They an inglorious Freedom boast ;
 I triumph in my Chain,
 Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost ;
 Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust ;
 When I alone, who love you most,
 Am kill'd with your Disdain.

Written



*Written under NELLY'S
Picture.*

SHE was so exquisite a Whore,
That in the Belly of her Mother,
She plac'd her — so right before,
Her Father — them both together.

The W I S H.

O that I now cou'd, by some Chymic Art,
To Sperm convert my Vitals and my Heart,
That at one Thrust I might my Soul translate,
And in the Womb myself regenerate:
There steep'd in Lust, nine Months I wou'd remain;
Then boldly — my Passage out again,



ET CÆTERA. *A Song.*

I.

IN a dark, silent, shady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on CORINNA's Breast I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *Et Cætera.*

II.

A thousand Words and am'rous Kisses,
Prepar'd us both for more substantial Bliss;
And thus the hasty Moments slip away,
Lost in the Transport of *Et Cætera.*

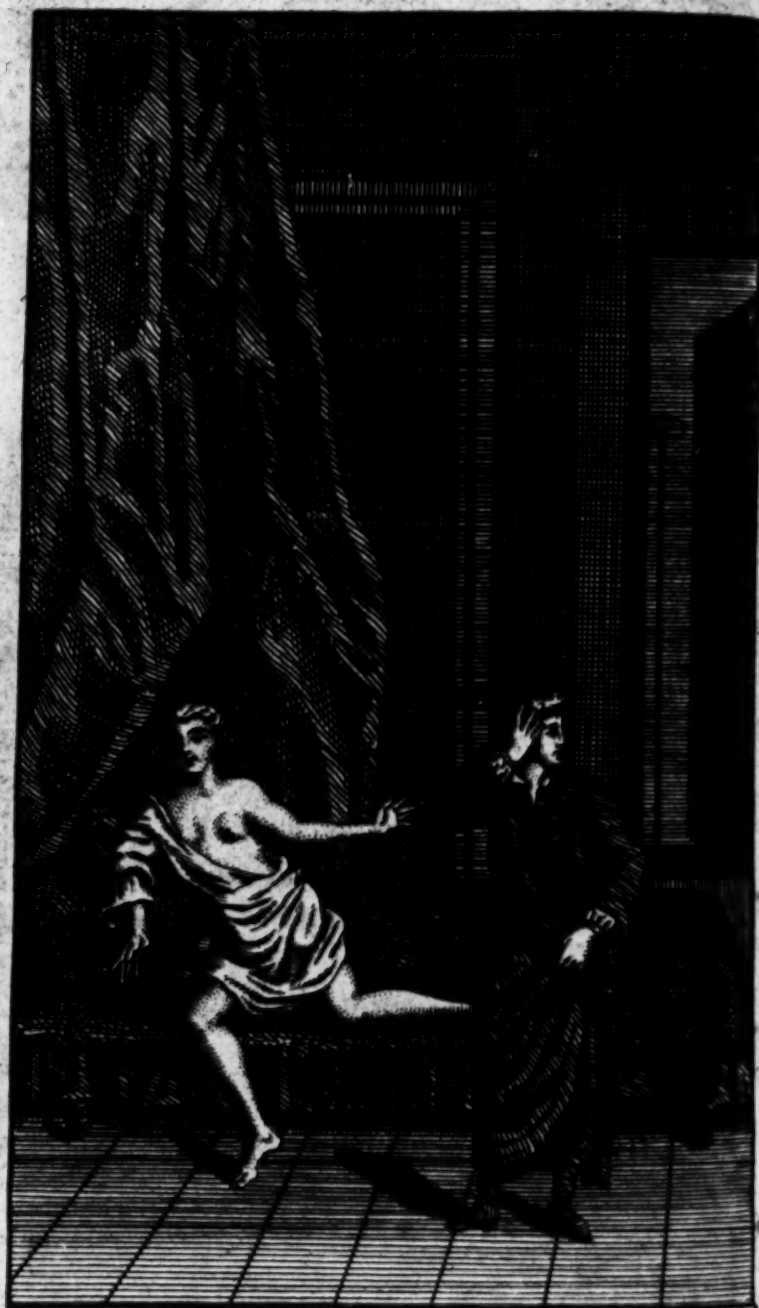
III.

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,
And the small Opposition she had made;
Yet hugg'd me close, and, with a Sigh, did say,
Once more, my Dear, once more, *Et Cætera.*

IV.

But, Oh! the Power to please this Nymph, was past;
Too violent a Flame can never last;
So we remitted to another Day,
The Prosecution of *Et Cætera.*

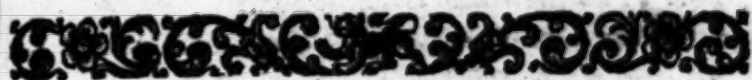




The Disappointment pag. 114. J. Smith del.



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The DISAPPOINTMENT.

NAked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms;
 Both equally inspir'd with eager Fire,
 Melting thro' Kindness, flaming with Desire;
 With Arms, Legs, Lips, close clinging to embrace,
 She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her *Face*.
 Her nimble Tongue, (Love's lesser Lightning) play'd
 Within my Mouth, and to my Thoughts convey'd
 Swift Orders, that I shou'd prepare to throw.
 The All-dissolving Thunderbolt below,
 My flutt'ring Soul, sprung with the pointed *Kiss*,
 Hangs hov'ring o'er her balmy *Lips* of *Bliss*:
 But whilst her busy *Hand* wou'd guide that Part
 Which shou'd convey my Soul up to her Heart,
 In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o'er,
 Melt into S — m, and — at ev'ry Pore:
 A Touch from any Part of her had don't;
 Her *Hand*, her *Foot*, her very Look's a —
 Smiling, she chides in a kind murm'ring Noise,
 And from her *Body* wipes the clammy Joys;
 When with a thousand Kisses, wand'ring o'er
 My panting Breast, *And is there then no more?*

She

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She cries. *All this to Love and Rapture's due ;
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too ?*
But I, the most forlorn lost Man alive,
To shew my wish'd Obedience, vainly strive :
I sigh, alas ! and kiss, but cannot ———
Eager Desires confound my first Intent ;
Succeeding Shame does more Success prevent,
And Rage at last confirms me Impotent.
Even her fair Hand, which might bid Heat return
To frozen *Age*, and make cold Hermits burn,
Apply'd to my dead *Cinder*, warms no more
Than Fire to *Ashes* cou'd past Flames restore :
Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
A wishing, weak, unmoving Lump I lie ;
This Dart of Love, whose piercing Point oft dy'd
With *Virgin Blood*, ten thousand Maids has try'd ;
Which Nature still directed with such *Art*,
That it thro' ev'ry ——— reach'd ev'ry Heart,
Stiffly resolv'd, 'twould carelessly invade
Woman and *Boy* ; nor aught its Fury staid,
Where e'er it pierc'd, a ——— it found or made ;
Now languid lies in this unhappy Hour,
Shrunk up, and sapless, like a wither'd *Flow'r*.
Thou treach'rous base Deserter of my Flame,
False to my Passion, fatal to my *Fame* ;
By what mistaken *Magick* do'st thou prove
So true to Lewdness, so untrue to Love ?
What *Oyster*, *Cynder*, *Beggar*, common *Whore*,
Did'st thou e'er fail in all thy Life before ?

When

When *Vice*, *Disease*, and *Scandal* lead the Way,
 With what officious Haste dost thou obey?
 Like a rude roaring *Hector* in the *Streets*,
 That scuffles, cuffs, and ruffles all he meets;
 But if his *King* or *Country* claim his Aid,
 The *Rascal Villain* shrinks, and hides his Head:
 Even so thy *brutal Valour* is display'd,
 Breaks ev'ry *Stew*, does each small *Whore* invade;
 But if great *Love* the Onset does command,
 Base Recreant, to thy Prince thou dares not stand.
 Worst Part of me, and henceforth hated most,
 Thro' all the Town the common ——— *Pest*,
 On whom each *Whore* relieves her tingling ———
 As Hogs on Gates do rub themselves, and grunt;
 May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,
 Or in consuming Weepings waste away:
 May Strangury and Stone thy Days attend;
 May'st thou ne'er piss, who did'st refuse to ———,
 When all my Joys did on false Thee depend:
 And may ten thousand abler ——— agree
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna* Right for Thee,



The



THE
I N S E N S I B L E.

I.

ONE Day the amorous LYSANDER,
By an impatient Passion sway'd,
Surpriz'd fair CHLORIS, that lov'd Maid,
Who could defend herself no longer.
All Things did with his Love Conspire;
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the World,
But what from CHLORIS' brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

II.

In a lone Thicket, made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids consent,
She with a charming Languishment
Permits his Force, yet gently strove.
Her Hands his Bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet.

Resistance

Resistance 'tis too late to show,
She wants the Pow'r to say,—*Ah!* what d'ye do?

III.

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh Vigour to LYSANDER give:
And whispering softly in his Ear,
She cry'd—*Cease—cease—your vain Desire,*
Or I'll call out—What would you do?
My dearer Honour, ev'n to you,
I cannot—must not give—retire,
Or take that Life, whose chiefest Part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

IV.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed Minutes to improve,
Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair;
Each Touch her new Desires alarms;
His burning trembling Hand he prest
Upon her melting snowy Breast;
While she lay panting in his Arms,
All her unguarded Beauties lie,
The Spoils and Tropies of the Enemy.

V.

And now, without Respect or Fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows;
His Love no Modesty allows;
By swift Degrees advancing wher

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His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do sacrifice;
That awful Throne, that Paradise,
Where Rage is tam'd and Anger pleas'd;
That living Fountain, from whose Trills
The melted Soul in liquid Drops distils.

VI.

Her balmy Lips encount'ring his,
Their Bodies as their Souls they join'd,
Where both in Transports were confin'd,
Extend themselves upon the Moss.
CHLORIS half dead and breathless lay;
Her Eyes appear'd like humid Light,
Such as divides the Day and Night,
Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay;
And now no Signs of Life she shows,
But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

VII.

He saw how at her Length she lay;
He saw her rising Bosom bare,
Her loose thin Robes, thro' which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play;
Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
She does her softest Sweets dispense,
Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence
A Victim to Love's sacred Flame;
Whilst the o'er-ravish'd Shepherd lies,
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

VIII.

VIII.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
 The too transported hapless Swain,
 Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain:
 Pleasure, which too much Love destroys.
 The willing Garment by he laid,
 And Heav'n all open to his View;
 Mad to possess, himself he threw
 On the defenceless lovely Maid:
 But, Oh! what envious Gods conspire
 To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire?

IX.

Nature's Support, without whose Aid
 She can no Human Being give,
 Itself now wants the Art to live;
 Faintness its slacken'd Nerves invade:
 In vain th' enraged Youth essay'd
 To call his fleeting Vigour back;
 No Motion 'twill from Motion take;
 B' Excess of Love is Love betray'd;
 In vain he toils, in vain commands,
 Th' *In sensible* fell weeping in his Hands.

X.

In this so am'rous cruel Strife,
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,
 The poor LYSANDER, in Despair,
 Renounc'd his Reason with his Life.

Now

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Now all the brisk and active Fire, |
 That should the nobler Part inflame,
 Unactive, frigid, dull became,
 And left no Spark for new Desire;
 Not all her naked Charms could move,
 Or calm that Rage which had debauch'd his Love.

XI.

CHLORIS returning from the Trance,
 Which Love and soft Desire had bred,
 Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,
 Or guided by Design or Chance,
 Upon that fabulous *Præpæus*,
 That potent God (as Poets feign.)
 But never did young Sheperdess
 (Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
 Finding, beneath the verdant Leaves, a Snake.

XII.

Then CHLORIS her fair Hand withdrew
 Finding that God of her Desires
 Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires,
 And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew.
 Who can the Nymph's Confusion guess?
 The Blood forsook the kinder Place,
 And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
 Which both Disdain and Shame express;
 And from LYSANDER's Arms she fled,
 Leaving him fainting on thgloomy Bed.

XIII.

Like Lightning, thro' the Grove she hies,
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphic* God;
 No Print upon the grassy Road
 She leaves, t' instruct pursuing Eyes.
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
 And with her ruffled Garments play'd,
 Discover'd in the flying Maid
 All that the Gods e'er made so Fair.
 Thus *Venus*, when her Love was slain,
 With Fear and Haste flew o'er the fatal Plain.

XIV.

The Nymph's Relentments none but I
 Can well imagine and condole;
 But none can guess *LYSANDER's* Soul,
 But those who sway'd his Destiny;
 His silent Griefs swell up to Storms,
 And not one God his Fury spurs;
 He curs'd his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
 But more the Shepherdess's Charms;
 Whose soft bewitching Influence
 Had damp'd him to the *Hell of Impotency*.





*On a Juniper-Tree cut down
to make BUSKS.*

WHilst happy I, triumphant stood,
The Pride and Glory of the Wood,
My Aromatic Boughs and Fruit
Did with all other Trees dispute;
Had Right by Nature to excel,
In pleasing both the Taste and Smell;
But to the Touch, I must confess,
Bore an unwilling Sullenness.
My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I
Yielding with some Reluctancy:
For which my Value should be more,
Not giving easily my Store.
My verdant Branches all the Year
Did an eternal Beauty wear,
Did ever young and gay appear;
Nor needed any Tribute pay
For Bounties from the God of Day.
Nor do I hold Supremacy,
In all the Wood, o'er ev'ry Tree,
But e'en those two of my own Race,
That grew not in this happy Place.

But

But that in which I glory most,
And do myself with Reason boast,
Beneath my Shade the other Day
Young PHILOCLE and CHLORIS lay,
Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,
And where I grew, he made her Bed;
Their trembling Limbs did gently press
The kind supporting yielding Moss,
Ne'er half so blest'd as now, to bear
A swain so young, a Nymph so fair.
My grateful Shade I kindly lent,
And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent
So low, as sometimes had the Bliss
To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss:
Whilst he in Pleasures far above
The Sense of that Degree of Love,
Permitted ev'ry Stealth I made,
Unjealous of his Rival Shade.
I saw 'em kindle to Desire,
Whilst with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
He grew more fierce, and she less coy:
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways,
Kind was the Force on ev'ry Side;
Her new Desires she could not hide
Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.
Impatient, he waits no Consent,
But what she gave by Languishment.

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The blessed Minute he pursu'd,
 Whilst Love her Fear and Shame subdu'd;
 And now transported in his Arms,
 Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms.
 His panting Breast to her's now join'd,
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd,
 Vast and luxuriant, such as prove
 The Immortality of Love.
 For, who but a Divinity
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree,
 And melt 'em into Extasy?
 Where like the Phoenix, both expire,
 Whilst from the Ashes of their Fire,
 Sprung up a new and soft Desire.
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke
 The God, and thrice new Vigour took;
 And had the Nymph been half so kind,
 As was the Shepherd well inclin'd,
 The Myst'ry had not ended there:
 But CHLORIS reassum'd her Fear,
 And chid the Swain for having prest
 What she (alas!) could not resist;
 Whilst he, in whom Love's sacred Flame
 Before and After was the same,
 Humbly implores she would forget
 That Fault, which he would yet repeat.
 From active Joys with Shame they haste
 To a Reflection on the past;
 A thousand Times the Covert blest,
 That did secure their Happiness;

Their

Their Gratitude to ev'ry Tree
 They pay, but most to happy me.
 The Shepherdes my Bark caress'd,
 Whilst he my Root (Love's Pillow) kiss'd,
 And did with Sighs their Fate deplore,
 Since I must shelter 'em no more,
 And if before my Joys were such,
 In having seen and heard so much,
 My Griefs must be as great and high,
 When all abandon'd I must lie,
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny;
 No more the am'rous Strife to hear,
 The Shepherd's Vows, the Virgin's Fear;
 No more a joyful Looker on,
 Whilst Love's soft Battel's lost and won.

With Grief I bow'd my murm'ring Head,
 And all my chrystal Dew I shed,
 Which did in CHLORIS Pity move,
 CHLORIS, whose Soul is made of Love.
 She cut me down, and did translate
 My Being to a happier State:
 No Martyr for Religion dy'd
 With half that unconfid'ring Pride:
 My Top was on the Altar laid,
 Where Love his softest Off'rings paid;
 And was, as fragrant Incense, burn'd;
 My Body into B U S K S was turn'd,
 Where I still guard the sacred Store,
 And of *Love's Temple* keep the Door.



The Rehearsal. A Satire.

A. **W**Hat, *Timon*, does old Age begin t'approach,
That Thou thus droop'st under one Night's De-
bauch?

I last Thou lost deep to needy Rogues on Tick,
Who ne'er cou'd pay, and must be paid next Week?

Tim. Neither, alas! but a dull dining *Sot*

Seiz'd me i' th' *Mall*, who just my Name had got:

He runs upon me, cries, Dear Rogue, I'm thine,

With me some Wits of thy Acquaintance dine,

I tell him I'm engag'd; but as a Whore

With Modesty enslaves her Sparks the more,

The longer I deny'd, the more he prest?

At last, I e'en consent to be his Guest.

He takes me in his Coach; and as we go,

Pulls out a Libel of a Sheet, or two,

Insipid as *The Praise of pious Queens*,

Or *Settle's* unassisted former Scenes;

Which he admir'd, and prais'd at ev'ry Line;

At last it was so sharp, it must be mine.

I vow'd I was no more a Wit than he,

Unpractis'd and unblest'd in Poetry:

A Song to *Phillis* I perhaps might make,
 But never Rhym'd but for my ——— sake;
 envy'd no Man's Fortune, nor his Fame,
 Nor ever thought of a Revenge so tame.
 He knew my Style, he swore; and 'twas in vain
 Thus to deny the Issue of my Brain.
 Choak'd with his Flatt'ry, I no Answer make,
 But silent, leave him to his dear Mistake.
 Of a well-meaning Fool I'm most afraid,
 Who fillily repeats what was well said:
 But this was not the worst; when he came Home,
 He ask'd, are *Sedley*, *Buckhurst*, *Saville*, come?
 No, but there are Above, *Half-wit* and *Huff*,
Kickum, and *Dingboy*. O! 'tis well enough,
 They're all brave Fellows, cries mine Host, let's dine,
 I long to have my Belly full of Wine;
 They'll Write and Fight, I dare assure you, O!
 They're Men *tam Marti quam Mercurio*.
 I saw my Error; but 'twas now too late,
 No Means nor Hopes appear of a Retreat,
 Well, we salute, and each Man takes his Seat.
 Boy, (says the Sot,) is my 'Wife ready yet?
 A Wife, (good Gods!) a Fop, and Bullies too!
 For one poor Meal what must I undergo?
 In comes my Lady strait; she had been fair,
 Fit to give Love, and to prevent Despair;
 But Age, Beauty's incurable Disease,
 Had left her more Desire than Pow'r to please;
 As Cocks will strike, altho' their Spurs be gone,
 She with her old belear Eyes to smite begun:

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Tho' nothing else, she (in Despite of Time)
 Preserv'd the Affectation of her Prime.
 However you begun, she brought in Love,
 And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French King's* Success:
 My Lady wonder'd much how Heav'n could bless
 A Man that lov'd Two Women at One Time;
 But more, how he to them excus'd his Crime.
 She ask'd *Huff*, if Love's Flames he never felt?
 He answer'd bluntly, do you think I'm gelt?
 She at his Plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
 Love in young Minds precedes ev'n Poetry;
 You to that Passion can no Stranger be,
 But Wits are given to Inconstancy.
 She had run on, I think, till now; but Meat
 Came up, and suddenly she took her Seat.
 I thought the Dinner wou'd make some Amends,
 When my good Host cries out, *Ye're all my Friends;*
Our own plain Fare, and the best Tierce the Bull
Affords, I'll give you, and your Bellies full.
As for French Kickshaws, Cellery, and Champaign,
Ragous, and Fricassies, in Troth we've none.
 Here's a good Dinner towards, thought I, when strait,
 Up comes a Piece of Beef, full Horse-Man's Weight,
 Hard as the Arse of *Mordant*, under which
 The Coachman sweats, as ridden by a Witch.
 A Dish of *Carrots*, each of them as long
 As ——— that to fair Countesses did belong.
 Which her small Pillow could not so well hide,
 But Visitors his flaming Head espy'd.

Pig, Goose, and Capon follow'd in the Rear,
 With all that Country-Bumpkins call *Good Cheer*,
 Serv'd up with Sauces all of *Eighty-Eight*,
 When our rough Youth wrestled, and threw the Weight.
 And now the Bottle briskly flies about,
 Instead of Ice, wrapt up in a wet Clout.
 A Brimmer follows the third Bit we eat;
 Small Beer becomes our Drink, and Wine our Meat.
 The Table was so large, that in less Space
 A Man might save Six old *Italians* Place:
 Each Man had as much Room as *Porter Blunt*,
 Or *Harris* had in *Cullen's* Bushel —

And now the Wine began to work, mine Host
 Had been a Col'nel we must hear him boast,
 Not of Towns won, but an Estate he'd lost
 For the King's Service, which indeed he spent
 Whoring and Drinking, but with good Intent.
 He talk'd much of a Plot, and Money lent
 In *Cromwell's* Time. Alas! my Lady she
 Complain'd our Love was coarse, our Poetry
 Unfit for modest Ears; small Whores and Play'rs
 Were of our hair-brain'd Youth the only Cares,
 Who were too wild for any virtuous League,
 Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.
Falkland she prais'd, and *Suckling's* easy Pen,
 And seem'd to taste their former Parts again.
 Mine Host drinks to the *Best* in *Christendom*,
 And decently my Lady quits the Room.
 Left to ourselves, of sev'ral Things we prate;
 Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State*.

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Half-wit cries up my Lord of *Orrery*,
 Ah, how well *Mustapha* and *Zanger* die!
 His Sense so little forc'd, that by one Line
 You may the other easily divine:

*And, which is worse, if any worse can be,
 He never said one Word of it to me.*

'This is fine Poetry, you'd swear 'twere *Prose*,
 So little on the Sense the Rhimes impose.

D—me, (says *Dingboy*) in my Mind, G—d's W—ds,
Etherege writes airy Songs and soft Lampoons,
 The best of any Man. As for your Nouns,
 Grammar, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not;
 Yet wrote two taking Plays, without one Plot.

Huff was for *Settle*, and *Morocco* prais'd,
 Said rumbling Words, like Drums his Courage rais'd,

Whose broad-buils Bulks the boist'rous Billows bear;

Zapher and Sally, Mugadore, Oran,

The fam'd Arzile, Alcazar, Tituan.

Was ever braver Language wrote by Man?

Kickum for Crown declar'd, said, in Romance,

He had out-done the very Wits of France:

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles the Eighth*,

Where a young Monarch, careless of his Fate,
 Thro' Foreign Troops and Rebels shock his State;

Complains another Sight afflicts him more,

(*Viz.*) The *Queen's* Gallies rowing from the Shore,

Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gone,

Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the Rising-Sun,

Waves smiling on the Sun! I'm sure that's New,

And 'twas well thought on, give the Dev'l his Due;

Mine

Earl of ROCHESTER. (131

Mine Host, who had said nothing in an Hour,
Rose up, and prais'd the *Indian Emperor*;

As if our old World modestly wish'drew,

And here in private had brought forth a New.

Here are two Lines! who but he durst presume
To make th' *Old World* a *New Withdrawing-Room*,

Where of another *World* she's brought to Bed?

What a brave Midwife is a *Laureat's Head*!

But, Pox of all these Scriblers, what d'ye think,
Will *Souches* this Year any *Champaign* drink?

Will *Turenne* fight him? Without Doubt, says *Huff*,

If they Two meet, their Meeting will be rough.

D—me, (says *Dingboy*,) the *French* Cowards are;

They pay, but th' *English*, *Scots*, and *Swiss* make *War*.

In gaudy Troops, at a Review, they shine,

But dare not with the *Germans* Battle join:

What now appears like Courage, is not so;

'Tis a short Pride, which from Success does grow:

On their first Blow, they'll shrink into those Fears

They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poitiers*:

Their Loss was infamous, Honour so stain'd,

Is by a Nation not to be regain'd.

What they were then, I know not, now they're braves;

He that denies it, Lies, and is a Slave

(Says *Huff*, and frown'd:) Says *Ding-boy*, *That do I*

And, at that Word, at t'other's Head let fly

A greasy Plate, when suddenly they all

Together, by the Ears, in Parties fall;

Huff.

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Half-wit with Dingboy joins, Kickum with Huff,
Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff,
Till they, mine Host, and I, had all enough,
Their Rage once over, they begin to treat,
And Six fresh Bottles must the Peace compleat.
I ran down Stairs, with a Vow never more
To drink Beer-Glasses, and hear Hectors roar.





A Session of the POETS.

Since the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous and loud,
 For th' appeasing so factious and clam'rous a Crowd;
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a Cause,
 To establish a Government, Leader and Laws:
 The Hopes of the Bays, at this summoning Call,
 Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all:
 All thronging and list'ning, they gap'd for the Blessing,
 No Presbyter Sermon had more Crouding and Preffing.

In the Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
 That ancient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd;
 But *Apollo* had heard of a Story in Town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear a black Gown,
 And so gave him leave, now his Poetry's done,
 To let him turn Priest, now R — is turn'd Nun.

This rev'rend Author was no sooner set by,
 But *Apollo* had got gentle * *George* in his Eye,
 And frankly confess'd, that of all Men that writ,
 There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment, and Wit;
 But i' th' crying Sin, Idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long sev'n Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.

Brawny

* *Sir George Etherege.*

Brawny *Wycheley* was the next Man shew'd his Face,
 But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place.
 No Gentleman-Writer that Office should bear,
 'Twas a Trader in Wit the Laurel should wear,
 As none but a Citizen makes a Lord-Mayor,
 Next into the Croud *Tom Shadwell* does wallow,
 And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
 'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age;
 Himself and his Wife have supported the Stage.
Apollo well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,
 To oblige him, he told him, he shou'd be huge glad,
 Had he half so much Wit as he fancy'd he had.
 However, to please so jovial a Wit,
 And to keep him in Humour, *Apollo* thought fit
 To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick
 Of railing at Poets, and shewing his ———
Nat Lee stept in next, in Hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit Once in Thrice;
 By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much Wit as Wine could supply;
 Confess'd that indeed he'ad a musical Note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattl'd i'th' throat;
 Yet owning he'ad Sense, to encourage him for't,
 He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
 He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn out,
 And humbly desir'd he might give no Offence;
 G—d D—me, cries *Shadwell*, he cannot write Sense;
 And *Banks*, cry'd up *Newport*, I hate that dull Rogue.
Apollo consid'ring he was not in Vogue,

Would

Would not trust his dear *Bays* with so modest a Fool,
And bid the great Boy should be sent back to School.

Tom Otway came next, *Tom Shadwell's* dear *Zany*,
And swears, for Heroicks, he writes best of any:
Don *Carlos* his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd,
But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a Play-House for the Prop of an Age.

In the numerous Herd that encompass'd him round,
Little starch *Johnny Crown* at his Elbow he found;
His Cravat-string iron'd, he gently did stretch
His Lilly-White Hand out, his Laurel to reach;
Alledging, that he had most Right to the Bays,
For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.
Apollo rose up, and gravely confest,
Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best;
For since Pain and Dishonour Man's Life only damn,
The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim,
Is, to want Sense of Smart, and be past Sense of Shame;
And to perfect his Bliss in poetical Rapture,
He bid him be dull to the End of the Chapter.

The Poetess * *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,
And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,
That the Laurel by a double Right was her own,
For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her;
But yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her.

He

He told her, were Conquests and Charms her Pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.

Anababaluha put in for a Share;

And little *Tom Essence's* Author was there:

Nor could *D'Urfey* forbear for the Laurel to stickle,
Protesting he had had the Honour to tickle,

The Ears of the Town with his dear Madam *Fickle*.

With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse,

But they are too long to stand in my Verse.

Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,

Finds at last *Tom Betterton's* Face in the Gang;

And since Poets with the kind Players may hang,

By his own Day-light he solemnly swore,

That in Search of a *Laurent* he'd look out no more.

A general Murmur ran quite thro' the Hall,

To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall;

But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacify all,

E'en told 'em, to put his Deserts to the Test,

That he had made Plays as well as the best,

And was the great'st Wonder the Age ever bore;

For, of all the Play-Scriblers that e'er writ before,

His Wit had most Worth and most Modesty in't;

For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er put 'em in Print.

A Lyrick P O E M:

In Imitation of *Cornelius Gallius*.

I.

MY Goddess LYDIA, heav'nly Fair?
As Lillies sweet, as soft as Air;
Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
And to my Love give fresh Alarms.

II.

O let me gaze on those bright Eyes;
Tho' sacred Light'ning from them flies:
Show me that soft, that modest Grace,
Which paints with charming Red thy Face.

III.

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kiss,
That I may rival Jove in Bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleasure all divine.

IV.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,
(The Milky Way is not so bright,) Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress
With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excels.

V.

Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endless Charms;
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

APOL:



APOLLO'S GRIEF,

FOR HAVING

Killed HYACINTH by Accident.

An Imitation of Ovid.

SWEET HYACINTH, my Life, my Joy,
 What have I done, my lovely Boy?
 With Kisses I would stop thy Soul;
 But, O! the Fates my Bliss controul.
 For Thee I languish, wish to die,
 And weary grow of Immortality;
 Yet with my Harp I'll sound thy Praise,
 And to the Stars thy Beauties raise.
 Straight thou shalt rise with Purple Grace,
 And with the same inviting Face;
 Thy Blood shall turn the Lilly Red;
 (Mourning) I'll wear it on my Head.
 The World shall celebrate thy Fame,
 And Feasts be call'd by thy dear Name;
 With HYACINTH Heav'n shall resound,
 While Echoes catch the charming Sound.
 The fatal Loss, thus sad APOLLO mourn'd,
 Of the fair Boy, for whom so much he burn'd.

SONG

~~ANOTHER~~

S O N G.

I.

WHere is he gone, whom I adore?
The God-like Man I see no more;
Yet, without Rest, his Tyrant Charms
Beat in my Heart still new Alarms.

II.

Afflict, dear Honour, take my Part;
Or I am lost, with all my Art;
Tear his Idea from my Breast,
Tho' with it I am more than blest.

III.

My Reason too, prepare your Arms,
Lest he return with greater Charms;
Love's fatal and imprison'd Dart,
Draw from my tender bleeding Heart:

WOMAN'S



WOMAN's Usurpation.

WOMAN was made MAN's Sov'raignty to own,
 And He, as Monarch, was to rule alone;
 She was his Vassal made, to fear and dread
 The angry Frowns of MAN, her Lord and Head.
 Heav'n did to him the Pow'r delegate,
 O'er all the Universe he made him Great;
 His Power did the largest Scepter sway,
 The whole Creation did his Laws obey.
 No Limits e'er were set to his Commands;
 Tygers and Lions lick'd his sacred Hands,
 And savage Monsters glory'd in his Bands.
 The Legislative Pow'r was fix'd in him,
 Just MAN! till WOMAN tempted him to Sin.
 The Sun no sooner had began his Course,
 Spreading his gaudy Beams o'er th' Universe;
 Nature herself was hardly full awake;
 The Planets did their Motions rarely make;
 The azure Orb, in which is finely set
 The glitt'ring Stars, scarce knew their Architect;
Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, did hardly find
 Themselves pure Elements, and were inclin'd
 To mix in Composition of each Kind;

MAN

MAN scarce had seen the first resplendent Light,
E'er WOMAN brought forth everlasting Night;
Damn'd *Pride* invited her at first to Sin,
Ambition next the Devil usher'd in.

Those, for ten Thousand more, have Inlets made;
And now she's Mistress of the Devil's Trade:
She'll tempt, lie, cozen, swear, betray, and cheat,
Hell's blackest Arts ten thousand Times repeat:
She will no longer in Subjection stand,
But MAN must truckle to her harsh Command.
Toss'd with tempestuous Storms of haughty Pride,
Disorder'd Motions, all her Passions guide,
'Till she destroys her loving Lord and Bride.
How many sad Examples do we find,
Of Husbands murder'd by the Female Kind?
Such are th' Effects of their aspiring Mind.
No Laws nor Goodness could her Thoughts deter,
And *Satan* was forefoll'd in seeing her;
From all diviner Edicts out she flew,
And swell'd with curs'd Pride, no Compass knew;
Such is the Rage of her infected Mind,
She damns the Race and Stock of poor Mankind;
And stifling Brimstone is the sweetest Scent
That burns, whilst Devils guard her sable Tent,
Resolv'd to execute, and ne'er repent,
Whate'er her wicked Malice can invent.
Since Heaven's sacred Laws cannot restrain
Thy Will, and threaten'd Vengeance is in vain;
Since to live peaceful is thy greatest Pain;
Proceed, and then You'll Queen of Devils reign.

The

*The* DEBAUCHEE.

I Rise at Eleven, I dine about Two,
 I get drunk before Sev'n ; and the next Thing I do,
 I send for my Whore, when, for fear of a Clap,
 I — in her Hand, and I spew in her Lap;
 Then we quarrel and scold, till I fall fast asleep,
 When the Bitch, growing bold, to my Pocket does creep;
 Then sily she leaves me, and, to revenge the Affront,
 At once she bereaves me of Money and ———
 If by Chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk,
 What a Coil do I make for the Loss of my Punk?
 I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a Rage,
 And missing my Whore, I B ——— r my Page.
 Then, Crop-sick all Morning, I rail at my Men,
 And in Bed I lie yawning till Eleven again.



The MAIDENHEAD.

HAVE you not in a Chimney seen
A sullen Faggot wet and green,
How coily it receives the Heat,
And at both Ends does fume and sweat?

So fares it with the harmless Maid,
When first upon her Back she's laid;
But the well-experienc'd Dame,
Cracks and rejoices in the Flame.



An

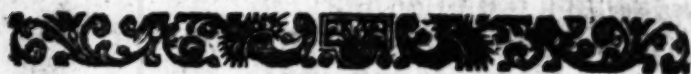


*An Epistle from Ephelia to Bajazet,
complaining of his Inconstancy.*

HOW far are they deceiv'd, who hope in vain
 A lasting Lease of Joys from Love t' obtain?
 All the dear Sweets we're promis'd or expect,
 After Enjoyment turn to cold Neglect.
 Could Love a constant Happiness have known,
 That mighty Wonder had in me been shown;
 Our Passions were so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant 'em an eternal Date;
 So kind he look'd, such tender Words he spoke,
 'Twas past Belief such Vows should e'er be broke:
 Fix'd on my Eyes, how often would he say,
 He could with Pleasure gaze an Age away.
 When Thoughts too great for Words had made him mute,
 In Kisses he would tell my Hand his Suit:
 So strong his Passion was, so far above
 The common Gallantries that pass for Love:
 At worst, I thought, if he unkind should prove,
 His ebbing Passion would be kinder far
 Than the first Transports of all others are:
 Nor was my Love or Fondness less than his;
 In him I center'd all my Hopes of Bliss;
 For him my Duty to my Friends forgot,
 For him I lost, alas! what lost I not?
 Fame, all the valuable Things of Life,
 To meet his Love by a less Name than *Wife*:

How

How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,
Looking such Things as ne'er can be express'd?
Thousand fresh Looks he gave me ev'ry Hour,
Whilst greedily I did his Looks devour;
'Till quite o'ercome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At ev'ry Look he gave, melting away.
I was so highly happy in his Love,
Methought I pity'd them that dwelt Above.
Think then, thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then,
My faithless Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell;
No, ev'ry Act has shewn I lov'd too well.
Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought
Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
My Love an Off'ring to your noble Bed:
Since then you've been the Star by which I steer'd;
And nothing else but you, I lov'd or fear'd;
Your Smiles I only live by, and I must,
Whene'er you frown, be shatter'd into dust.
O! can the Coldness that you shew me now,
Suit with the gen'rous Heat you once did show?
I cannot live on Pity or Respect,
A Thought so mean would my whole Love infect;
Less than your Love I scorn, Sir, to expect.
Let me not live in dull Indifferency,
But give me Rage enough to make me die;
For if from you I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I would chuse your Hate.



A very Heroical Epistle
In answer to EPHELIA.

MADAM,

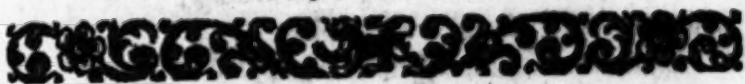
IF you're Deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
 For all Disguises are below the Great.
 What Man or Woman upon Earth can say
 I ever us'd 'em well above a Day?
 How is it then that I inconstant am?
 He changes not, who always is the same.
 In my dear Self I center every Thing,
 My Servants, Friends, my Mistress, and my King,
 Nay, Heav'n and Earth to that one Point I bring.
 Well-manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,
 Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found out,
 Should I regard, I must my self constrain,
 And 'tis my Maxim to avoid all Pain.
 You fondly look for what none e'er could find;
 Deceive your self, and then call me unkind;
 And, by false Reason, would my Falshood prove,
 For 'tis as natural to Change, as Love.
 You may as justly at the Sun repine,
 Because alike it does not always shine.

No glorious Thing was ever made to stay;
 My Blazing-Star but visits, and away:
 As fatal too it shines, as those i'th' Skies;
 'Tis never seen, but some great Lady dies:
 The boasted Favour you so precious hold,
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold;
 Whate'er you gave, I paid you back in Bliss;
 Then where's the Obligation, pray, of this?
 If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice;
 But Women, Beggars like, still haunt the Door
 Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
 O! happy *Sultan*! whom we barb'rous call,
 How much refin'd art thou above us all?
 Who envies not the Joys of thy *Straight*?
 Thee, like some God, the trembling Croud adore,
 Each Man's thy Slave, and Woman-kind thy Whore.
 Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade
 Of golden Canopy supinely laid;
 Thy crouding Slaves all silent as the Night,
 But at thy Nod, all active as the Light:
 Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,
 And feel'st the Joys of Love without the Pain.
 Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
 While thou with awful Pride walk'st careless by,
 Till thy kind Pledge at last marks out the Dame
 Thou fanciest most, to quench thy present Flame:
 Then from thy Bed submissive she retires.
 And, thankful for the Grace, no more requires.

No loud Reproach, nor fond unwelcome Sound
Of Womens Tongues thy sacred Ear does wound;
If any do, a nimble Mute strait ties
The True-love Knot, and stops her foolish Cries.
Thou fear'st no injur'd *Kinsman's* threat'ning Blade,
Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid;
While here, with aching Hearts our Joys we taste,
Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles's* Feast.

*The Four following EPISTLES from B. to E. are supposed to be
Written from the Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dor-
set, to Mr. Etherege, afterwards Sir George Etherege.*





A N

Epistle from B. to E.

Dreaming last Night on Mrs. Farley,
 My ——— was up this Morning early;
 And I was fain, without my Gown,
 To rise i'th' Cold to get him down,
 Hard Shift, alas! but yet a sure,
 Although it be no pleasing Cure.
 Of old, the fair *Ægyptian* Slattern,
 For Luxury that had no Pattern,
 To fortify her *Roman* Swinger,
 Instead of Nutmegs, Mace, and Ginger,
 Did spice his Bowls (as Story tells)
 With Warts of Rocks, and Spawns of Shells.
 It had been happy for her Grace,
 Had I been in the Rascal's Place;
 I, who do scorn that any Stone
 Should raise my ———, but my own,
 Had laid her down on ev'ry Couch,
 And spar'd her Pearl and Diamond Brouch;
 Until her hot-tail'd Majesty,
 Being happily reclaim'd by me,
 From all her wild expensive Ways.
 Had worn her Gems on Holidays:

H 3

But

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But since her ——— has long done itching,

Let us discourse of modern Bitching,

I must entreat you, by this Letter,

T'enquire for *Whores*, the more the better:

Hunger makes any Man a Glutton.

M Roberts, Thomas, Mrs. Dutton,

Or any other Bawd of Note,

Inform of a fresh Petticoat ;

Enquire, I pray, with friendly Care,

Where their respective Lodgings are.

Some do compare a Man to a Bark,

A pretty Metaphor, pray mark,

And with a long and tedious Story,

Will all the Tackling lay before 'ye:

The Sails are Hope, the Masts Desire,

'Till they the gentlest Reader tire.

But howsoe'er they keep a Pudder,

I'm sure the ——— is the Rudder;

The pow'rful Rudder, which of Force

To Town must shortly steer my Course;

And if you do not there provide

A Port, where I may safely ride:

Landing in haste in some foul Creek,

Tis ten to one I spring a Leak.

Next, I must make it my Request,

If you have any Interest,

Or can by any Means discover

Some lamentable Rhiming Lover,

Who shall in Numbers harsh and vile,

His Mistress, Nymph or Goddess stile,

Send .

Send all his Labours down to me,
By the first Opportunity.

Or any Knights of your Round Table,
To other Scriblers formidable,
Guilty themselves of the same Crime,
Dress Nonsense up in ragged Rhime,
As once a Week they seldom fail,
Inspir'd with Love and Gridiron Ale.

Or any paultry Poetry,
Tho' from the University;
Who, when the King and Queen were there,
Did both their Wit and Learning spare,
And have (I hope) endeavour'd since
To make the World some Recompence.
Such damned Fustian when you meet,
Be not too rash or indiscreet,
Tho' they can find no just Excuses,
To put 'em to their proper Uses,
The fatal Privy, or the Fire,
Their nobler Foe; at my Desire,
Restrain your natural Profuseness,
And spare 'em, tho' you have a Looseness.

E——'s Answer.

AS crafty Harlots use to shrink
From Letchers dos'd with Sleep and Drink,
When they intend to make a Pack,
By filching Sheets, or Shirt from Back;

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So were you pleas'd to steal away
 From me, whilst on your Bed I lay:
 But long you had not been departed,
 When, pinch'd with Cold, from thence I started;
 Where, missing you, I stamp'd and star'd,
 Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard
 His Brazen Head in vain had spoke,
 And saw it lie in Pieces broke:
 Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
 And ev'ry Limb as stiff as Stake,
 Unless poor ———, which did feel
 Like slimy Skin of new-stript Eel;
 Or Pudding that Mischance had got.
 And spent itself half in the Pot.
 With Care I cleans'd the sneaking Varlet,
 That late had been in Pool of Harlot:
 But neither Shirt nor Water cou'd
 Remove the Stench of lech'rous Mud.
 The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,
 Whence the best ——— do smell like Ling:
 But sure this damn'd notorious Bitch
 Was made o'th' Froth of *Fane Shore's* Ditch;
 Or else her ——— could never stink
 Like Pump that's foul, or nasty Sink.
 When this was done, to Bed I went,
 And the whole Day in Sleep I spent;
 But the next Morning, fresh and gay,
 As Citizen on Holiday,
 I wander'd in the spacious Town,
 Amongst the Bawds of best Renown:

To *Temple*, I a Visit made;
Temple! the Beauty of her Trade!
 The only Bawd that ever I,
 For want of Whore, could occupy.
 She made me Friends with Mrs. *Cuffey*,
 Whom we indeed had us'd but roughly;
 For by a gentle Way I found,
 The Whore would — under ten Pound.
 So, resty Jades which scorn to stir,
 Tho' oft provok'd by Whip and Spur,
 By milder Usage may be got
 To fall into their wonted Trot.
 But what Success I farther had,
 And what Discov'ries, good and bad,
 I made by roving up and down,
 I'll tell you when you come to Town.
 Farther, I have obey'd your Motion,
 Tho' much provok'd by Pill and Potion,
 And sent you down some paultry Rhimes,
 The greatest Grievance of our Times;
 When such as Nature never made
 For Poets, daily will invade
 Wit's Empire, both the Stage and Press,
 And, which is worse, with good Success.



The Second Epistle from
B. to E.

IF I can guess, the Devil choak me,
What horrid Fury could provoke thee,
To use thy railing scurrilous Wit
'Gainst — and —, the Source of it;
For what but — and — does raise
Our Thoughtes to Songs and Roundelays?
Enables us to *Anagrams*,
And other amorous Flim-flams?
Then we write Plays, and so proceed
To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Weed.
Hast no Respect for God *Priapus*?
That ancient Story shall not 'scape us,
Priapus was a Roman God,
But in plain *English*, — and —,
That pleas'd their Sisters, Wives, and Daughters,
Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters;
For at the Orchard's utmost Entry
This mighty Deity stood Centry,
Invested in a tatter'd Blanket,
To scare the Magpies from their Banquet.

But this may serve to show we trample
On Rule and Method, by Example
Of modern Authors, who, to snap at all,
Will talk of *Cæsar* in the Capitol;
Of *Cynthia's* Beams, and *Sol's* bright Ray,
Known Foe to Butter-Milk and Whey,
Which softens Wax, but hardens Clay;
All this without the least Connexion,
Which, to say Truth's enough to vex one;
But farewell all Poetick Dizziness,
And now to come unto the Business.

Tell the bright Nymph how sad and pensively,
E'er since we us'd her so offensively,
In dismal Shades, with Arms across,
I sit, lamenting of my Loss;
To *Echo*, I her Name commend,
Who has it now at her Tongue's End,
And, Parrot like, repeats the same;
For should you talk of *Tamerlain*,
Cuffley, she cries, at the same Time,
Tho' the last Accents do not Rhime,
Far more than *Echo* e'er did yet
For *Phyllis* or bright *Amoret*.

With Pen-knife keen, of mod'rate Size,
As bright and piercing as her Eyes,
A glitt'ring Weapon, which would scorn
To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn,

Upon

* *Tamerlain the Great: Or, The Scythian Shepherd. A Tragedy.*
Written, 1593. by Christopher Marlow, an Author contemporary with
Shakespeare.

Upon the Trees of smoothest Bark
 I carve her Name, or else her Mark,
 Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,
 A weeping Eye, or flaming Dart.

Here, on a Beach, like am'rous Sot,
 I sometimes carve a True-love's Knot;
 There, a tall Oak her Name does bear,
 In a large spreading Character :
 I chose the fairest and the best
 Of all the Grove; amongst the rest,
 I carv'd it on a lussy Pine,
 Which wept a Pint of Turpentine ;
 Such was the Terror of her Name,
 By the Report of evil Fame ;
 Who tired with immod'rate Flight,
 Had lodg'd upon his Boughs all Night.
 The wary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,
 And knew the Virtue of its Sap,
 Dropt Balsam into ev'ry Wound,
 And in an Hour's Time was found.
 But you are unacquainted yet,
 With half the Pow'r of *Amoret* ;
 For she can drink as well as ——— ;
 Her growing Empire still must thrive.
 Our Hearts, weak Forts, we must resign,
 When Beauty does its Forces join
 With Man's strong Enemy, good Wine.
 This I was told by Lord O-Brian,
 A Man whose Word I much rely on;

He still kept Touch, and came down hither
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul Weather:
 But if thou would'st forgiven be,
 Say that a Whore detained thee;
 — whose strong Charms the World bewitches,
 The Joy of Kings! the Beggar's Riches!
 The Courtier's Business! Statesman's Leisure!
 The tired Tinker's Ease and Pleasure!
 Of which, alas! I've Leave to prate;
 But, O! the Rigour of my Fate!
 For want of bouncing *Bona Roba*,
Lascivia est nobis pagina visa proba.
 For that Rhime I was fain to fumble:
 When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,
 'Tis Time to rest. *Your very Humble.*

}

E——'s Answer.

SO soft and Am'rously you write,
 So well describe the pleasing Fight,
 That were I still in *Lanthorn* sweating,
 Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a spitting;
 I should forget each Injury,
 The pecky Whores have offer'd me,
 And only of my Fate complain,
 Because I must from Love abstain;
 All-pow'ful Love! whose very Name
 Kindles in me an Am'rous Flame!

Begin

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Begins to make my ——— rise,
 And long again, to fight Love's Prize,
 Forgetful of those many Scars
 He has received in those Wars,
 This shews Love's chiefest Magick lies,
 In Womens ——— not in their Eyes;
 There *Cupid* does his Revels keep,
 There Lovers all their Sorrows steep;
 For having once but tasted that,
 Our Miseries are quite forgot.
 This may suffice to let you know,
 That I to Love am not a Foe,
 Tho' you are pleas'd to think me so.
 'Tis strange his Zeal should b'in Suspicion,
 Who dies a Martyr for's Religion.

But now to give you an Account
 Of CUFFLEY, that Whore Paramount!
 CUFFLEY! whose Beauty warms the Age,
 And fills our Youth with Love and Rage;
 Who, like fierce Wolves, pursue the Game,
 While secretly the letch'rous Dame
 With some choice Gallant takes her Flight,
 And in a Corner lies all Night;
 Then the next Morning we all hunt,
 To find whose Fingers smell of ———;
 With Jealousy and Envy mov'd
 Against the Man that was belov'd:
 Whilst you within some neighb'ring Grove
 ndite the Story of your Love,

And

And with your Pen-Knife keen and bright,
On stately Trees your Passion write;
So that each Nymph that passes through,
Must envy her, and pity you;
We at the *Fleece*, or at the *Bear*,
With good Case-Knife well whet on Stair,
A gentle Weapon, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,
A thousand Am'rous Fancies scrape:
There's not a Pewter-Dish can 'scape
Without her Name, or Arms, which are
The same that *Love* himself does bear.

Here one, to shew you *Love's* no Glutton,
I' th' midst of Supper, leaves his Mutton,
And on a greasy Plate with Care,
Carves the bright Image of the Fair.

Another, tho' a drunken Sot,
Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot
A Band of naked *Cupids* draws,
With ——— no bigger than Wheat-Straws.
Then on a nasty Candlestick
One figures *Love's Hieroglyphick*,
A *Couchant* ——— and *Rampant* ———
And that the Sight may more inflame
The Lookers-on, subscribes her Name,
CUFFLEY! her Sex's Pride and Shame:
There's not a Man but does discover,
By some such Action, he's a Lover;
But now 'tis Time to give her over,

3
3
3

And

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And let your Lordship know you are
 The Mistress that employs our Care.
 Your Absence makes us melancholy;
 Nor Drink, nor Love, can make us jolly,
 Unless we've you within our Arms,
 In whom there dwells diviner Charms.
 Then quit with Speed the pensive Grove,*
 And here in Town pursue your Love;
 Where, at your Coming, you shall find
 Your Servant glad, your Mistress kind;
 All Things devoted to your Mind.

* Knowle, in Kent, the Seat of the Earl of Dorset.



ROCHES-



ROCHESTER's Farewell.

TIR'D with the noisom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my Part, I quit the Stage?
For who in Life's dull Farce a Part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the chief Actors are?
Long, I with charitable Malice strove,
Lashing the Court, these Vermin to remove:
But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
As aged Letchers whipt, their Lust renew.
Yet this my Life has unsuccessful been;
For who can this *Augean* Stable clean?
My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting Breath.
First, then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
With open Brav'ry, and dissembled Fear.
Mulgrave, their Head, but Gen'ral have a Care,
Tho' skill'd in all the Arts that cheat the Fair;
The undiscerning and impartial *Moor*,
Spares not the Lovers on the Ladies Score.
How many perish by one fatal Shot;
The Conquest's all thy Ogling ever got.
Think then (as I presume you do) how all
The *English* Beauties will lament your Fall;

Scarce

Scarce would a greater Grief pierce ev'ry Heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewet*, or Sir *Carr* * depart.
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tie the Cravat-string at Home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewet*, *Dam me*, There's no Action there.
 Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowley* † write,
 To hinder this thy Eagerness to fight?
 That without Danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrewsbury*.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do;
 But who this Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what Reason could with thee prevail,
 To change embroider'd Coat, for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mordaunt* go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant, but desperate:
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazer*,
 One flies from's Creditor, t'other from *Frazier*.
 'Twere Cruelty to make too sharp Remarks
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
 Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
 When all thy pert young Volunteers I see;
 Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
 As the Pain-Royal of the Chits of State;
 Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,
 Chit *Sunderland*, Chit *Godolphin*. and Chit *Lory*.

When

* *Scroop.* † *The King.* | *The Duke of York's Physician, famous for the Cure of a certain Distemper.*

When thou let'st *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a Jest,
 As when thy Brother made the same Request;
 Had *Richmond* but got Leave, as well as he,
 The Jest had been compleat, and worthy Thee.
 Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
 It is resolv'd; but first let's have a Dance.
 First, at her Highness' Ball he must appear,
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
 With Drum and Fife, to make a Jigg of War.
 What is of Soldier seen in all the Heap,
 Besides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
 From Gen'ral *Mulgraves*, down to little *Wroth*?
 But now they're all embark'd, and curse their Fate,
 Curse *Charles* that gave 'em Leave, and much more *Kate*,
 Who, than *Tangier* to *England* and the King,
 No greater Plague, besides herself, could bring;
 And with the *Moors*, since now their Hand was in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen,
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come;
 Where, by the wiser Sparks that stay at Home,
 In safe Ideas, by their Fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maestricht*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.
 But now we talk of *Maestricht*, where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal Piece of Bravery?
 He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
 The solid-harden'd Armour of a Fool;
 Well might himself to all War's Ills expose,
 Who (come what will) yet had no Brains to lose.

Yet

Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.
 This Fool, by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Vernon*) led,
 Dreamas that a Crown will drop upon his Head;
 By great Example he this Path doth Tread,
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* fought Asses when he found a Crown.)
 But * *Rofs* is risen, as *Samuel*, at his Call,
 To tell that God has left th' ambitious *Saul*:
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
 See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.
 So Heaven says; but *Brandon* says he shall;
 But whoe'er he protects, is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be;
 Than he that trusts to such a Rôgue as he?
 What Good can come from him, who *York* forsook,
 T'espouse the Int'rest of this booby Duke?
 But who the best of Masters could desert,
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's Part.
 Ungrateful! This thy Master-piece of Sin,
 Exceeds e'en that with which thou didst begin;
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
 Whose later Crimes still do thy first excel:
 The very Top of Villainy we seize,
 By Steps, in Order, and by just Degrees:
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one Day,
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the Way.
 But when Degrees of Villainy we name,
 How can we chuse but think of *Buckingham*?

* *The Duke of Monmouth.*

He who through all of them has boldly ran,
 Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man:
 His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,
 Swell to a Sum enough to daman a Nation:
 But he must here by Force be let alone,
 His Acts require a Volume of their own;
 Where rank'd in dreadful Order, shall appear
 All his Exploits, from *Shrewsbury* to *La Meer*.
 But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
 My Pen to treat on t'other Sex inclin'd:
 But where, in all this Choice, shall I begin?
 Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
 For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,
 (And Bawds and Statesmen grow in Plenty there:)
 To thee submit and yield, should we be just
 To thy experienc'd and well-travell'd Lust:
 Thy well-known Merits claim that thou shoud'it be
 First in the glorious Roll of Infamy.
 To thee they all give Place, and Homage pay,
 Do all thy lecherous Decrees obey;
 Thou, Queen of Lust; thy bawdy Subjects, They,
 While *Suffax*, *Braughall*, *Betty Felton* come,
 Thy Whores of Honour to attend thy Throne:
 For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
 Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore?
 For tell me, in all Europe, where's the Part
 That is not conscious of thy lewd Desert;
 The great *Paleas* Youth, * whose Conquests run
 O'er all the World, and travell'd with the Sun,

* Alexander the Great.

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Made not his Valour to more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust, hast shown.
 All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb.
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never Ebb dost know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,
 Thou highest, last Degree of Letchery:
 For in all Ages, except Her and You.
 Who ever sinn'd so high, and stoop'd so low?
 She to th' Imperial Bed each Night did use
 To bring the Stink of the exhausted Stews;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling Home:
 But thou, to our admiring Age dost show
 More Sin than inn'cent *Rome* did ever know;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Tak'st up with Devil, having tired Man:
 For what else is that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Suffex* in your Arms did take?
 Nor does old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past:
 Tho' on thy Head grey Hairs, like *Aetna's* Snow,
 Are shed, thou Fire and Brimstone art below.
 Thou monstrous Thing, in whom at once did rage
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady *Harcourt* takes the second Place,
 Proud with thy Favour, and peculiar Grace;
 Ev'n she, with all her Piety and Zeal,
 The hotter Flames that burn in thee, does feel.

Thou

Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
 The lustful Seeds of thy contagious Fire:
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.
 Of what important Use Religion's made,
 By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade.
 As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
 Changing the Name of their own native Place;
 So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
 Unquestion'd by the Custom-House of Fame.
 Wherever too much Sanctity you see,
 Be more suspicious of hid Villainy.
 Whos'e'ver's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more;
 If Man, suspect him Rogue; if Woman Whore:
 And such a Thing art thou, religious *Hyde*,
 So very lewd, and yet so sanctify'd.
 Let now the Dutchess take no farther Care,
 Of num'rous Stallions let her not despair,
 Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
 To send her *Bromley*, *Hyde*, and *Mazarine*.
 This last doth banish'd *Monmouth*'s Place supply,
 And Wit-supplanted, is by Letchery.

For *Monmouth*, she had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
 To all which *Mazarine* has no Pretence;
 A Proof, that since such Things as she prevail,
 Her Highness' Head is lighter than her Tail.
 But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
 The common Theme of ev'ry Rhiming Sot;
 She'll after Railing, make us laugh awhile;
 For at her Folly, who can chuse but smile?

While

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Whilst those who always slight her, Great she makes,
 And so much Pains to be despis'd she takes;
 Goes saunt'ring with her Highness up to Town,
 To an Old Play, and in the Dark comes down;
 Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,
 But still is jostled out by *Maxarine*,
 So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
 Than even she who her from Exile brought.
 O! *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*, not to take
 The Offer the Great *Sunderland* did make;
 When, cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
 The Golden Calf that's worshipp'd by the Crowd,
 But thou for *York*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and pow'ful *Shaftsbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the Skill in States you boast of so;
 How wisely did thy Country's Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Women reign! *
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by unthinking Thee?

* By the Salique Law, no Woman is granted Accession to the Throne.

F I N I S.

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